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Fig. 1. Dr. Herman Kiefer

Fig. 2. Dr. Ludwig Kiefer

THE KIEFER SAGA

by

Edgar W. Kiefer

Thue Recht Und Scheue Niemand

(DO RIGHT AND FEAR NO ONE)

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1951

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TO MY MOTHER, that pioneer woman
"who was a better Kiefer than any of them"

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PREFACE

The idea of preserving the stories, legends, and family history has been a dream, or a "project" as we now say, for a good many years and seemed peculiarly fitting in commemorating the hundredth anniversary of the landing on these shores, in 1849, of the founder of the American branch of the Herman Kiefer family.

This book has been about twenty-five years in the making and has entailed two trips to Germany. Such available works in the libraries at Washington, New York, and Detroit, and other authorities which might shed some light on the family history, have been consulted.

It must be remembered that before the founding of the German Empire in 1871, less than 100 years ago, the church and state were one, and all vital records were kept by the church and not the state.

There was no church established at Durlach until the twentieth century, Durlach being only six kilometers, or four miles, east of Karlsruhe, the seat of the church and government. While the prelates of the Catholic Church at the Cathedrals of Notre Dame in Paris, and St. Stephanie at Baden and Karlsruhe were most gracious and helpful, the records went back only to 1668 and were in a very poor state of preservation. As the people in the early days of this history were Catholics, all such available records were examined and noted. The name of the Kiefer woman who married Nicholas von Nidda could not be found nor could her family be traced, there being a number of Kiefer families in the neighborhood. Family legend has it that she was related to the Hapsburg family, but this could be neither substantiated nor refuted by a search of the Almanac de Gotha of the time.

The earliest branches of the family to emigrate to America were the Pennsylvania Kiefers. They came over with others of the south Germans from the Palatinate, whose princess, Elizabeth, was on friendly terms with Sir William Penn. The grant of Pennsylvania was given

to Sir William in 1681 in payment of a 16,000 pound debt owed by the throne to his father, Admiral William Penn. Thus we have Pennsylvania as our first German settlement. Since they called themselves "Deutch," they have ever since been known as Pennsylvania Dutch.

These Kiefers, cousins of the family founded by Nicholas, settled in Philadelphia. One branch espoused the king's side in the Revolutionary War and, as a surgeon of a Tory Regiment, was exiled to the British Crown and given lands near Thorold, Ontario. One member of this family, Francis Kiefer, a lawyer in Port Arthur, looked more like Alfred Kiefer, eldest son of Dr. Herman Kiefer, than any of Alfred's own brothers did. Another branch of the Pennsylvania Kiefers joined the Revolutionary Army as a surgeon. He became the founder of the Ohio and Indiana Kiefers, of whom the best-known was General Warren Kiefer, a Civil War General and Speaker of the House of Representatives. This is, however, a history of the Michigan Kiefers, not of the Pennsylvania Kiefers.

Although some of Dr. Herman Kiefer's ancestors had more than the one child noted herein, no attempt has been made to follow the collateral branches of the family. Herman, however, was an only son. He, in turn, had six children who lived to maturity - five sons and one daughter; the next generation had eleven children - six girls and five boys, including Clay killed at nine years of age and Carl, killed at twenty-one; there were fourteen in the next generation - nine girls and five boys; and now, this last generation of children and babies, ranging from Edgar F. Kiefer, seventeen years old, to Lawrie Ann Owen, age six months, is composed of eleven girls and seventeen boys. Of these, however, only three bear the family name - the three sons of Durand Kiefer, who in turn was the only male of the fourteen in his generation by the name of Kiefer, all the rest being either girls or the children of married daughters, bearing other surnames. It is for this reason that Durand's family is especially noted as the only one to carry on the Kiefer name, being in the direct male line of the eldest son of the original founder.

In passing, one is struck with the fact that if what Dr. Herman Kiefer fought for at the risk of his life, had

been successful, the history of the modern world might have been different. Three wars might have been avoided and millions of lives saved. On the other hand, if he had not been forced to flee to America, the family might now be in the same dire distress and destitution as those collaterally related who still live near the original family seat. So little can we foresee the future or know which seeds of our present endeavors will bear lasting fruit.

This little book could not have been written if it had not been for the loyal co-operation of the members of the author's generation who were most generous in hunting up photographs, sending in material and supplying data, particularly Miss Hertha Bonning, Mrs. Homer C. Bayliss, and Mr. Edgar K. Orr, whose notes are liberally incorporated in the text. The book would have been much more interesting and complete if it had been undertaken twenty years earlier when the sons and daughter of Dr. Herman Kiefer were still living. As it is, only the widow of Dr. Guy L. Kiefer, Josephine Henion Kiefer, is still living as this is written. The chapter on that family is, therefore, much more complete and interesting than some others since it is given as nearly as possible, in her own words on the occasion of a visit with her in December of 1949, while this book was in preparation, although most of it was written during a trip around the Mediterranean and back across the Atlantic in the month of February, 1951. While every effort has been made to insure accuracy some errors and omissions are inevitable and unintentional.

While this history is not complete, it will probably suffice to tell the coming generations from whence they sprang. If it excites the interest of even one member of the coming generation to learn what can be accomplished by work and perseverance - if it gives the hope and inspiration needed when unrewarded efforts seem so futile - it will have amply fulfilled its mission. As Dr. Herman Kiefer often said:

> "It is much more important what you make of yourself and what you do than who your ancestors were."

Blank pages are provided in the back of this book and it is hoped that each family will keep its own record so that another volume can be added in fifty or a hundred

years, thus keeping current this record of the first three hundred years of the family's history. Addresses are given under Genealogies, in case present members wish to communicate with each other.

THE KIEFER SAGA

Chapter I

THE ANCESTORS

One day we woke up and pulled up the blinds and found ourselves looking into the Black Forest into hills, or mountains if you like, covered with dark evergreens. There right before our window stood a magnificent and perfect Christmas tree - a perfect spire of glistening branches, sweeping up from the ground, its pinnacle pointing to the heavens - a true Kiefer, as that is what our name means.

It was tall, straight and upright, able to withstand the winter's snows and frosts and the summer's heat and droughts; sturdy and unchangeable through all the vicissitudes of its long life - an inspiration and a model of what a man or woman would be proud to follow.

The family sprang up and grew for some two hundred years in these Black Forest hills, setting an example of right-living and living up to their responsibilities in public office and their private lives. Eventually, the call of freedom and liberty fired the imagination and claimed the service of the seventh of the line, Dr. Herman Kiefer, who was forced to flee for his life to the United States, in 1849. There he continued to fight for the principles for which he had pledged "his life, his possessions and his sacred honor."

To start at the beginning: A scion of the well-known Dutch family of Van Nidda, by the name of Nicholas, appears about the middle of the seventeenth century and marries a girl from one of the leading families, by the name of Kiefer. As was customary at that time (and still is in that part of the world), he was re-baptized with his wife's surname, and the family was henceforth known as Von Kiefer. There was apparently good reason for this change as he was evidently a "foreigner" with a foreign

name and the family into which he was marrying was well-known and established in the neighborhood.

The exact dates of his birth, re-baptism and death have been lost, as the earliest church records go back only to 1668 and are so worn, torn and disfigured as to be almost illegible. All we know of Nicholas van Nidda zu Grotzigen and his wife is that he was given the military order of Max Joseph, which made him a "Ritter" or Knight, so after his re-baptism he was known as Ritter von Kiefer. He was reputed to be the richest man in the neighborhood and ruled as a magistrate, taking for his coat of arms under a knight's helmet, a man with right hand upraised, swearing to tell the truth, or possibly taking the oath to be forever true to the principles embodied in the motto "Thue recht und scheue niemand" meaning "Do right and fear no one." The colors on the shield are red-white-red, standing for courage-purity-courage, from which we are reminded of Charles the Bold's advice to his son "Be bold, my son, be bold, and thrice be bold." It is trite to say that though times and places and manners may change, the shield, colors and motto voice eternal truths by which men's lives are shaped.

To continue: To Nicholas and his wife was born a son, John Jacob, in 1675, in Grotzigen, a small village now absorbed in Durlach, which in turn is now quite a city with a church of its own, about 6 miles east of Karlsruhe, the capital of Baden.

John Jacob died July 23, 1744, at the age of 69. He was Burgermeister, or member of the common council, of Durlach; Kommerzienrat zu Durlach, or what amounts to President of the council; and one of the principal men of the town. He married Katherine Dorothea who was born August 4, 1675, died and was buried in Durlach, August 26, 1758, at the age of 83. To this union was born John Jacob, Jr. on October 30, 1708. He first married Caroline, daughter of the Marquis Carl William of Baden and his second wife was also a Caroline, surnamed Selz. John Jacob, Jr. died in 1788 at the ripe old age of 80, having evidently "lived right." His son by the first marriage was named Joseph, a favorite name of the Hapsburg clan.

Born at Karlsruhe, April 16, 1747, Joseph lived a

more strenuous life than his father. He erected a crepe factory and several other mills, dying at the age of 50 in Baden-Baden in 1797. The life of an industrialist even a hundred and fifty years ago, at the beginning of the industrial revolution, was evidently more strenuous and nerve racking than that of his ancestors. They had led a more pastoral existence on their estates, without being bothered with daily breakdown of the crude machinery of those days, the constant problems of supplying raw material and disposing of the finished goods at a profit, and were not faced with the strain of hiring, training and discharging employees, and arguments with the textile guilds over the amount of work machinery could do compared to hand labor. As creped cloth was just coming into use, Joseph must have been gifted with both courage and imagination to engage in these new ventures at about the time the United States was declaring its independence and the Napoleonic wars were turning Europe, and particularly Southern Germany, into an armed camp. The fact that he not only established a mill at Karlsruhe, but several others, would indicate that he prospered in spite of, or perhaps because of, the times, and augmented the family fortunes.

Joseph's wife, Charlotte Josephine Schulmeister, was born in 1756 and died in 1832 at the age of 76, outliving her husband by some 35 years. To them was given a son, named Ludwig, born in 1780, who evidently seeing the trials and tribulations of his father's life, decided he wanted none of it and would follow the learned professions. He became a doctor, graduating at Heidelberg. He was a thin, tall man with a long, inquisitive nose, thin lips and of stern mien, whose likeness is shown elsewhere in this volume. That Ludwig was a successful practitioner is attested by the fact that he was given the Cross of the Legion of Honor, which gave him the title of Ritter von Kiefer or the English equivalent of "Sir", and a gold snuff box, on the inside cover of which is a copy in miniature of Titan's painting of Dåne being visited as a shower of gold. A large reproduction of this painting used to hang in the upper hall of the home of Ludwig's grandson, Herman, in the Forest Avenue house in Detroit. The out-

side of the box is ornamented with landscapes of castles and shipping, in miniature, and the bees of the Buonoparte family. The story is that the snuff box was originally given by Napoleon Buonoparte to Kurfurst, prince of Heidersheim, and by him to Herr Doctor Ludwig von Kiefer, in appreciation of his skilled medical services, and is now in possession of his great-great-grandson, Edgar.

Ludwig Ritter von Kiefer died September 27, 1843, at the age of 63, after some 40 years of service. He bequeathed to his son, Conrad, his grandson, Herman and his great-grandson, Guy, a devotion to a life alleviating the suffering of mankind. He married Theresa, Lady of the Order of St. Anne, the daughter of Sir Francis von Geisweiller and Lady Eleanor von Bathie. Theresa was born in 1780 and died in 1833 at the age of 53. She apparently was known at the time of her marriage at the age of seventeen, as Lady von Geisweiller von Roggenbach. A year later, on February 18, 1798, she gave birth to a son, Conrad.

Conrad followed his father's footsteps, graduating in medicine at Munich and Heidelberg. He not only engaged in private practice but was the district Health Officer, a court physician, and much respected in the community. He was a very good-looking man with dark hair and brown eyes of kindly expression. Conrad's later years were made very difficult by the activities of his son, Herman, who was leader of the revolutionists of 1848. These revolutionists tried to unite all the different kingdoms, principalities, dukedoms, and free cities of Germany into one country and one nation, under a republican form of government.

Dr. Conrad Kiefer was fifty years old when this revolution broke out and, while he took no part in it, he, of course, lost his official positions and estates, one of which was supposed to be at Mount Saverene.

At the age of 25, Conrad married Christine Friederika Schweykert, who was born November 27, 1800, at Karlsruhe Baden and who died August 28, 1874, at Schwetzingen Baden. She was a kindly, gentle soul who must have been much distressed by her son's wild, revo-

Fig. 3. Dr. and Mrs. Conrad Kiefer

Fig. 4. The Kiefer Homestead

lutionary tendencies, so upsetting to her whole life and fortunes.

Germany, at the time of Conrad and Christine, as stated was broken up into some forty different states, each of which exercised sovereignty over the territories under its control. The different kings, princes, kurfursts and noble titles, most of which claimed royal blood, lived in regal splendor, vying among themselves, not only in the elegance of their palaces and appointments, but aping the magnificence of the imperial courts of France and Austria. The little kingdom of Wurttemberg, lying just east of the grand duchy of Baden, had a miniature Versailles at Stuttgart, with gardens a mile and a half long between the castle in the center of the town and the royal palace and so jealous of his rights, privileges and prerogatives was the king of Wurttemberg, that even after the consolidation of Germany into one empire was accomplished by Bismarck at the end of the Franco-Prussian war in 1870, Wurttemberg still retained its own coinage, postal regulations, stamps and army.

The Black Foresters of Wurttemberg, together with those of Baden, were the ancient tribe of Suevi, of whom the Roman historian, Tacitus, writes "Of all the Germans the Suevi were the bravest" and it was the proud boast of the Suevi, now called Schwaben in modern German, that they had never been conquered. Of course, the nature of the country lends itself, like that of Switzerland, to defensive military operations, being on the western slope of the Swiss and Bavarian Alps, cut up by mountains and rivers and heavily forested. In fact this section comprises the "Black Forest" of Europe, so named from its dark evergreens or "Kiefers" which guard the country from the Rhine on the west to the borders of Switzerland and France on the east and south. Through the Black Forest, even to this day, there are very few roads capable of transporting large bodies of troops while on the other hand affording innumerable ambuscades and passes which could be held by a few determined men.

After his son's escape from Germany to the United States via Strassburg (then French), Dr. Conrad Kiefer and his wife came to Detroit to bring his son's fiancee,

Franciska (or in English, Frances) Kehle, to be married, and stayed for some years while the storm of the revolution blew over. One day, when the weather was fine, Conrad said he was taking a trip to New York, no mean undertaking in those days when it was several weeks' journey by ship and Erie canal boat. However, he found a ship sailing for Europe and with his wife, Christine, returned to Germany and lived at Emmendingen in retirement the rest of his life. There he was visited not only by his son, Herman, who had caused him all his grief and sorrow, but by his grandsons, Alfred when he was a student at the mining university at Freiburg, and Arthur when he went to Heidelberg. There is in the family's possession a glass mug with a silver cover, commemorating Conrad's golden wedding anniversary, inscribed as follows: "To our beloved classmate, at his golden anniversary October 18th, 1877, by C. Lugo, R. Louis and C. Werner." and the oil portraits of Conrad and Christine, reproductions of which are found elsewhere in this volume.

Chapter II

THE REVOLUTION OF '48

We now come to the series of events which led to the establishment of the family in the United States and the reason for setting down in print the happenings of a hundred years ago.

We have mentioned the feudal state of Germany at the time of Herman Kiefer's birth in 1825, the vast estates, the regal splendor of the courts, and the poverty of the farmer or peasant class. What happened then in Germany, has now its counterpart in different parts of the world which are from one hundred to two hundred years behind the times - by which we mean behind the more enlightened and advanced civilizations like that of the United States and Sweden, although the order of those two possibly should be reversed.

At the beginning of the first world war, Europe was broken up into thirty-two states, all jealous of each other and all burdened with a bureaucracy composed mostly of the privileged class at the top, surrounded by a mass of smaller office holders comprising not only the Army, spelled with a capital A, with gorgeous uniforms, but also court officials and ministers down to the various consuls stationed in every part of Europe, innumerable custom and immigration officials and police. The police are not only to prevent the ordinary crimes of mankind but supervise the comings and goings of all their various peoples, checking them into each and every hotel even in the same country by a minute examination of passports and travel permits, noting carefully the name, place and date of birth, age, present residence, reason for the trip, amount of money carried and brought back and, in some countries fearful of the export of its wealth, the amount of jewels each traveller has. The solemn making-out of permits seems not only endless but useless, with official seals, stamps and what have you affixed by some brass-

buttoned official who might well be a major-general if judged by the number of stars carried on his epaulets.

This is now, in 1950, not in Russia or behind the iron curtain but in the so-called "free" countries, like England and the rest of Europe, all of which are broke, and so burdened with taxes that the rich become poor and the poor become desperate. They embrace Communism, not knowing particularly what it is, but believing that any change can only be for the better as things could get no worse.

If such are the conditions now, we can well imagine what they were a hundred years ago when most of the population lived on gruel and black bread, only seeing meat once a week at best, and at worst, once a year at Christmas or at Easter. They started their work day at four or five o'clock instead of seven and worked twelve to sixteen hours per day for a mere pittance to keep body and soul together.

Under such conditions, a burning idealism was added to the great humanitarianism in the fiery and intense soul of the only child of Conrad and Christine Kiefer. Given to violent and direct action, outspoken in his convictions, Herman Kiefer was no conformist but a rebel against existing customs. Withal a patriot, he saw his nation the football of all Europe, broken up into literally dozens of small states each with its hordes of hungry office-seekers, living as parasites on the labor of the people who had barely enough to support life at its lowest level.

The wonder is not that the German Revolution broke out in the potato-famine year of 1848, but that it was delayed some fifty years after the French Revolution, when conditions had been equally intolerable. Perhaps the explanation lies in the excitable temperament of the French compared to the more phlegmatic German, but the fact remains that the uprising was more or less spontaneous, led by the students in the great universities of Berlin, Munich, Heidelberg. They organized regiments of farmers and laborers, all of whom had served their "time" in the army, seized weapons, and defeated the royal forces in a few surprise attacks. The kings, princes, dukes and what have you, together with their still-loyal and numer-

ous followers, were chased from their palaces and the revolutionists proceeded to organize a republic after the model of the United States, in which all men should be free and equal with the franchise, or vote, extended to all citizens, regardless of birth or position. Their goal was one united country whose watchword was to be "Deutchland uber alles" which translated means "Germany first and foremost," not Prussia or Bavaria or Saxony or Baden, and whose national anthem was to be the "Wacht am Rhine" - "We guard the Rhine" - as they did in Roman days.

A constitutional Committee was organized to draw up a Constitution modeled after the one which the United States had adopted some fifty years earlier. On March 26, 1848, the Convention of Freiburg, comprising delegates from all the German states, met, elected Dr. Herman Kiefer Chairman of the Convention, and proceeded to carry out their plans which were finally brought to fruition by Bismarck twenty years later.

William, King of Prussia, had fled to his nearest ally, Nickolas, Czar of the Russians, who, fearful that the revolutionary spirit might spread, promptly came to the Prussian's aid. Then as now, the forces of freedom, disbanding and going about their peaceful pursuits, found themselves facing an overwhelming military force which marched into Berlin practically without opposition taking Dresden, capital of Saxony on the way.

In Berlin, they captured and shot 56 of the revolutionary leaders in front of the palace at Potsdam, while the Czar and King watched the massacre from the palace balcony.

The southern revolutionists, warned by these events, hastily gathered together what forces they could and tried to defend the southern states. This campaign to save the liberties of the southern German states was as brief as it was disastrous. The battles of Phillipsburg, June 20, and Ubstadt, June 23, sealed the fate of the embryo republic. The revolutionary forces fled to the fastnesses of the Black Forest and disbanded.

What the history of Europe for the last one hundred years might have been, if Germany had been a republic after the American model, instead of serving the am-

bitions of the Hohenzollerns or a half-mad Hitler, the reader can well imagine.

Against the background of these events and circumstances, let us now review the early life of Herman Kiefer, who played no mean part in the effort to lead his people to a freedom then but little understood in the feudal states of Europe.

We find Herman, the principal subject of this volume and the founder of the family in America, going to the "gymnasia" or high schools of Freiburg, Mannheim and Karlsruhe and attending the universities of Freiburg, Heidelberg, Prague and Vienna, from 1844 to 1849.

It must be remembered when the names of so many towns and villages are mentioned that most of them lie within walking distance of the central capital of Karlsruhe. So we have Durlach, the ancient seat of the family, only six miles east from the center of Karlsruhe and the village of Robach, containing the oldest church records in the neighborhood, less than that to the south. Sulzburg, the birthplace of Herman Kiefer in Baden, lies about half way between Baden and Karlsruhe. Grotsingen is near Durlach and Schwetsingen is a nearby village in Baden. All these could be contained in a circle of about 10 miles diameter, Emmindingen being furthest away to the southwest and practically on the Rhine.

It is very much like the present family of Kiefers, centered on Detroit, who live in Grosse Pointe and Bloomfield Hills, suburbs of Detroit, and also as far away as Port Huron, about 55 miles; Lansing, 80 miles; and Grand Rapids, 120 miles; but in point of time rather than distance much closer than the various dwelling and schooling places mentioned in this narrative.

While at Heidelberg, Herman was a member of the corps "Suevia" and at Freiburg, founded the corp "Alberta" These corps in the German universities correspond to our fraternities, their principal object being companionship of young men away from home for the first time who would lead a lonely and isolated life if it were not for these clubs or fraternities bringing them together. Instead of playing football, basketball, tennis, or other sports, the German university student had a game all his own - that was duel-

Fig. 5. 89 Forest Avenue, East

Fig. 6. Golden Wedding Anniversary. (Taken at Athelney, July 21, 1900)
Top row - Elsa, Edgar W., Francis, Hertha
Second - Alfred, Guy, Hermine, Arthur, Carl Bonning, Josie, Frances
Third row seated - Edwin, Edgar S., Frances, Herman, Carl, Kate, Wilhelmina

ing with the broadsword. This was a short 18" straight, two-edged sword but without a sharp point. The opponents faced each other, one foot apart and upon a chalk line, with the left hand tied to, or grasping the belt about the waist in the back. If either could be forced back one step, he lost the duel. The sword arm, usually right, was heavily padded, as was the body and neck, and acted as a shield. The face and head were left bare. The object was to hit, or cut, the opponent over the head or through the face so as to draw blood, at which point the second's sword intervened while the surgeon in attendance looked after the wound and smeared some grease over the eyebrows to prevent the blood running into the eyes. He then allowed the duel to proceed or ended it by disqualifying one opponent as being too dangerously wounded to continue, whereupon the decision was rendered to his opponent. While it seems a brutal sport, it was less so than boxing in which men can be permanently injured, not only in the face, nose and ears, but more seriously, in the kidneys and other vital organs.

While Herman never spoke of his duels nor told in how many he participated, he was especially invited to attend the 100th anniversary of the Corps Suevia at Heidelberg in July, 1910, where he was signally honored.

Graduating from the universities, he took the State Doctor's examinations, which he passed with highest honors on May 29, 1849. The same date, he volunteered and was accepted as the surgeon of the Black Forest regiment of Emmendingen.

During the time that he was a student, he was also busy writing poems and pamphlets which well describe his state of mind, and attending meetings at which his powerful voice and gifted oratory greatly influenced the shape and form of the revolution to come. Most of Herman's poems and writings, detailing his activities, are contained in a volume entitled "Liberty Writings" by Warren Florer and a further volume called "The Revolution of 1848" by the same author. A limited number of copies of these volumes were distributed to the members of the family and can still be found in their libraries.

Herman was a delegate to the Offenburg meetings of

September 12, 1847, and March 19, 1848, and one of the authors of the so-called "Struve" motion and the resolution and program of "Common Laws of the German People." He was elected Chairman of the Upper Rhine District and as such presided at the Freiburg Mass Meeting of March 26, 1848. He was the author of what amounted to a demand for a constitutional government, in these words:

"The German people, therefore, demand above all things that the German Parliament create a new Constitution of Germany to be drawn up by it on the foundations of the federative republic.

"The people demand from the long-looked-for German Parliament that it arrange to guard over and direct, among the many questions which are assuming new form, above all: the fusion of the militia and of the standing army for the purpose of forming a true national army, including all men capable of bearing arms; the freedom of the press, trial by jury and absolute religious tolerance.

"The people demand: complete separation of church and state; personal liberty and the right of habeas corpus; home rule in the election of the clergy and mayors; immediate alleviation of the poverty of the working and middle classes, and the improvement of commerce, of the industrial class, and of the farming industry.

"The hitherto-existing enormous civil lists, appendages, the excessive salaries and pensions, the idle possessions of many incorporations, as well as the public domains, offer adequate means for this purpose."

It would be tiresome to make a detailed record of all the speeches, meetings, and resolutions which were made, held and passed in that eventful year. Herman Kiefer, gifted with exceptional oratorical powers and, even in youth, of commanding personality, was the undoubted leader among the upper Rhine or Black Forest people. At the Offenburg meeting of May 12, Kiefer was selected as a member of the State Committee which proclaimed the Revolution as follows:

"Germany is in a continuous condition of complete revolution" and so forth. On the 19th of June, at Karlsruhe, a provisionary government of three was established

comprising Kiefer, Goegg and Werner. This government, however, had but a short life as the revolutionary forces were defeated at the battles of Phillipsburg, June 20th, and Ubstadt, June 23, 1848, in which Herman took part and saw active combat duty.

At a council of war, held shortly afterward, it was proposed by General Siegle, then commanding, to take the fortress of Acheffenburg, then take refuge there. This Kiefer opposed as plain suicide - as "being shut up like rats in a trap" - with the net result that hundreds, if not thousands, of lives were saved by retreating into the Black Forest before the combined Imperial and Russian forces, and disbanding.

Upon learning of a papal bull excommunicating him and of a warrant for his arrest, Herman fled to Strassburg, then in French territory.

In detailing the events of this revolution, one cannot help but be struck by how slowly the world moves, always toward the same goals - then, as now, toward the abolishment of poverty and the freedom of man. What, however, seems but little understood by few philosophers and practically by no reforming politicians of any age, be they Socialists or Laborites as in England, or Communists as in Europe, is that, in spite of all laws, resolutions and taxes, no more can be divided than is produced, whether it be products of the soil, mines, forests, or fisheries. To reduce, by so-called "surplus" taxes, the wealth of the 5% of people who have more than ordinary income and the brains to acquire it, can do but little for the remaining 95%. That only deprives the 95% of their means of livelihood, because the enterprises founded and pursued by the 5% who had the foresight, stamina, and courage to establish them, furnish no profit incentive for their continuance, if too heavily taxed.

It is such a well-known fact that all through nature we find some things larger than the rest that it has been reduced to a formula and called a law of nature.

A few forest trees, never more than 5%, tower above their fellows. This is true of the entire vegetable and animal kingdom, including the genus homo. Cutting down the tallest trees is not going to make the remainder of the

forest taller. Neither will depriving men of exceptional ability of the opportunity to exercise their talents make the rest of mankind either richer or happier.

Another favorite fallacy is the proposition that raising wages increases buying power and therefore everyone will be able to procure more goods for less effort. Adam Smith, in his "Wealth of Nations" in 1756, stated the whole truth of the matter when he wrote "the price of all things is always measured by the cost of labor to produce it added to the cost of the interest necessary on the principal invested in its production and distribution." So as wages go up, prices must correspondingly go up. Because profits are nearly always figured in percentages of cost, these addition percentages added to the production and transportation of the raw materials plus the production, transportation and distribution of goods usually advance prices faster than the advance in wages. Prices are lowered again, in time, only by more efficient methods of production.

However, we are not trying to write a political treatise or to write a history of the emergence of Germany from a feudal state to one of the foremost industrial nations of the world, which was given such a great impetus by the wise statesmanship of the Iron Chancellor Otto von Bismarck. We are attempting to pursue the fortunes of young Dr. Herman Kiefer.

While a student at Heidelberg, he showed his venturesome spirit which was later to be one of his outstanding characteristics. One day the professor of surgery showed the class a bottle of a new drug just discovered, called "chloroform," which had the power of putting the patient to sleep so he felt no pain while under its influence. He chloroformed a cat and stuck a pin into it to prove that the cat did not react and then brought the cat around again so it was quite normal with no apparent ill effects. That night over a few steins of beer, a group of students decided to make the experiment on a human being, as that had not yet been done. Kiefer volunteered to be the victim, so getting the bottle of chloroform from the laboratory, they proceeded to chloroform Kiefer and stick a pin into him. The next day they triumphantly announced this great discovery

of medical science to the astonished and skeptical professor. Just as he was the first man to actually prove the possibility of killing pain of operations by the use of chloroform, so Dr. Kiefer took the lead time and time again in new technics in medicine, refusing to be bound by what had always been done in the past.

Shortly after Kiefer had taken refuge in Strassburg, he was again warned that the German authorities had demanded his arrest and return from the French government, then under Napoleon III.

In his own words he wrote "Accordingly, August 18 I took passage in a sailing vessel bound for the United States, and landed in New York, September 19, 1849. After a short stay in the great metropolis, I started West intending to make my home in St. Louis; but meeting with a countryman who had settled in Detroit, Michigan, several years previously, I concluded to remain there, and opened an office October 19th." The countryman he met was a nephew of Runnefeldt, who was a druggist on Gratiot Avenue on the north side of the street between Randolph and Broadway. There he landed with his sword, his diploma, a small bag of gold coins, a smattering of English and an indomitable spirit which was proven in the years to come. For a short time he slept on the couch in the back of the druggist's office until he could locate elsewhere.

Chapter III

THE AMERICAN ADVENTURE

Detroit, at the time Herman Kiefer arrived there, was a city of 21,000 population, having grown in the preceding 20 years from 2,500 inhabitants. Its principal streets were Woodward Avenue and Jefferson Avenue, the junction of these two streets being the center of town. However, under the Judges' Plan conceived by Judges Woodward and Witherell, the city copied the plan of Washington, D.C. with the City Hall to be placed in the center and the various main thoroughfares radiating from it.

Thus we have Fort Street running southwest to Fort Wayne; Michigan Avenue running west on the route across the State of Michigan to Chicago, then called Fort Dearborn; Grand River Avenue running northwest to the headwaters of the Grand River in Oakland County; Woodward Avenue northward to the great pine forests; Gratiot Avenue, named after Colonel Gratiot who commanded Fort Shelby (originally at the present site of the Post Office and Federal Building) running northwest through the village of Desmond which now comprises the City of Port Huron and up to Fort Gratiot which guarded the narrow entrance to the St. Clair River from Lake Huron.

To the east of the City Hall was the Campus Martius, at the western end of which was erected the soldiers' and sailors' monument to the heroes of the Civil War. Dr. Kiefer played a prominent part in the erection and dedication of this monument, conducting the negotiations which led to the casting of the bronze figures in Dresden, Saxony, and their erection where they stand today. At the eastern end of the campus was the wholesale and retail grocery store of Peter Henkel, whose eldest son, Edward, later became a brother-in-law to Alfred, eldest son of Dr. Herman Kiefer. Edward Henkel and Alfred Kiefer married the daughters of Henry Weber, the furniture manufacturer.

Fig. 7. Mrs. Herman Kiefer

Fig. 8. Living Room, 89 Forest Avenue, East

Grand Circus Park was the exhibition ground of such circuses as came to Detroit in those early days and got its name from that fact. It was just open, grass-covered commons upon which cattle grazed and the young men and women, or boys and girls, rode their parents' horses after school.

The State Capital stood at the head of Griswold Street, just north of State Street, where there is now a comparatively small park used as a rest room and car stop. It is still called "Capital Square". The Capital Building was afterward used as a High School from which Dr. Kiefer's eldest son, Alfred, graduated in 1869. It burned down just before his eldest grandson, Edgar, entered high school, in 1897.

Woodward Avenue was paved with wooden cedar paving blocks only as far as Grand Circus Park and the one-horse streetcar ran only that far; the sidewalks were wooden planks laid on 2 x 4's. The largest building in Detroit, in fact the only six story building between New York and Chicago, was Henry Weber's furniture store. It still stands on the west side of Woodward Avenue, facing Opera House Square, just north of the Majestic Building, and at present is occupied by Sanders' Candy Store.

The Russell House, then the principal hotel, occupied the site of the National Bank of Detroit Building, on the southeast corner of Woodward Avenue and Cadillac Square, formerly called the Campus Martius. It was a three story building, partially occupied by the jewelry firm of Thomas and William Walsh. The Walshes eventually located in Port Huron and became one of that city's most prominent and respected families.

The waterworks, established beyond Bewick's farm, was way out in the country and forty years later still could be reached only by a one-horse streetcar, tracks for which were laid on the northern edge of the dirt road called Jefferson Avenue.

Fort Wayne, guarding the river to the south, was miles out of town in the opposite direction and the inhabitants had but little contact with the citizens of Detroit.

Most of the commerce was carried on with sailing vessels, although wood-burning tugs were coming into use

for towing the sailing ships up the Detroit and St. Clair Rivers. Cargoes bound for New York were carried on the sailing ships to Buffalo, and there transferred to canal boats, which were towed down the Erie Canal by teams of horses or mules to Albany. From there the trip to New York was quickly made in one day, down the Hudson River by side wheel steamers designed after Fulton's "Clairmont" with walking beam engines.

Over this route, in the spring of 1850, came Dr. Herman's father and mother, Dr. Conrad and Christine, bringing with them their son's fiancee, Francisca Bonndorf Kehle of Baden. Herman and Francisca were married on July 21, 1850, just a year after he was forced to flee from Germany, and established their home on the northeast corner of Hastings and Congress Streets. Their big brick house still stands although it is now completely hidden by an Italian fruit store, built in the front yard and extending right out to the sidewalk limit.

Of the nine children born to Herman and Francisca in this home, only six lived through babyhood. In order of their birth, they were Emila Anna, Alfred Kossuth, Richard Faust, Arthur Egmont, Oscar Hutton, Edwin Hans, Edgar Siegfried, Hermina Cora, and Guy Lincoln. Emila, Richard and Oscar died in childhood and are buried in Elwood Cemetery.

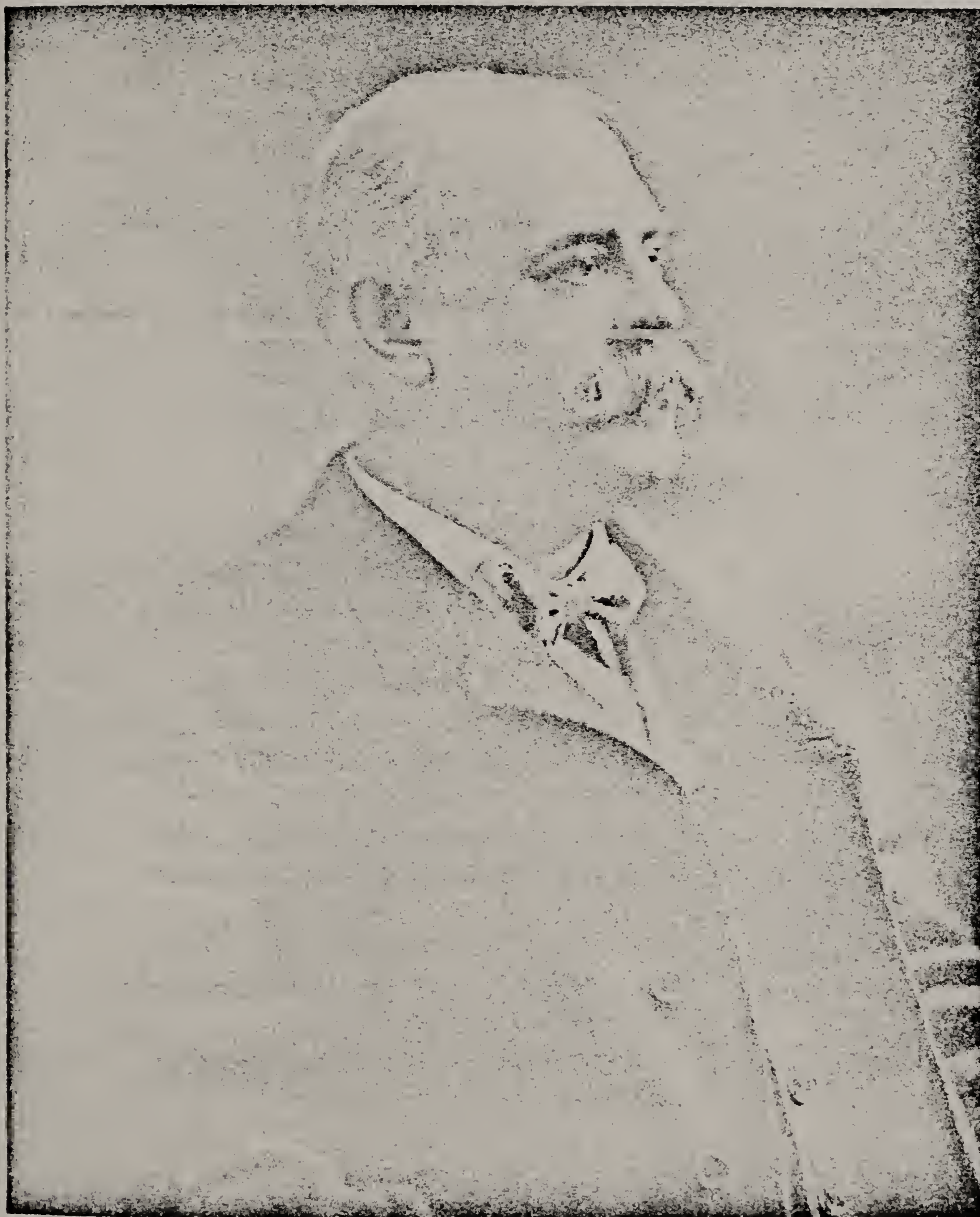

Fig. 9. Alfred K. Kiefer

Fig. 10. Mrs. Alfred K. Kiefer

Chapter IV

PUBLIC LIFE

As may well be imagined, Herman Kiefer no sooner landed and got his feet on the ground than he started to interest himself in the political science of the country he was to call his home. As he had been a leader of his people at home, he became a leader of the Germans in Michigan.

Of commanding presence, with piercing blue eyes under shaggy eyebrows, straight black hair brushed straight back, an erect, quick nervous walk, a sonorous and clear voice, and an imperious mien and quick temper, he was no man to quarrel with or lightly provoke to anger. The result was that in his own sphere he carried all before him. Among the Germans who came out at that time, mostly of the peasant type seeking to better their condition, his word was law. As President of the German Republican Committee of the State of Michigan, he swung his countrymen into the Republican column almost to a man and was one of the organizers of that party under the oaks at Jackson, Michigan in 1854. He continued to the day of his death a stanch Republican, in the days when the Republican party stood for protection of American workmen by a tariff; economy of government and low taxes (the first income tax came during the Civil War); a strong central or federal government; abolishment of slavery; and equal opportunities for all.

Herman Kiefer was a champion of education, firmly believing that most of the ills of the state could be cured only by an enlightened electorate. He was one of the founders of the German-American Seminary, a school incorporated by the State to furnish instruction in all departments of learning. As far as practicable and desired, pupils were to be taught equally in the German and English languages. He was President and Treasurer of this institution from the time of its foundation in 1861, until 1872.

The Seminary was housed in a large, three-story, gray brick building on the north side of East Lafayette between Russell and Rivard Streets. That whole section of Detroit was then called "Dutchtown" because of the number of German immigrants who settled there, and the school served a very useful purpose.

In 1866, Herman was elected a member of the Detroit Board of Education, which position he held for some time. In 1882-83, he was a member of the first Detroit Public Library Committee which built the library in what was then a park opposite his home on Gratiot Avenue. The name of the street bounding the park on the north was changed from Farrer Street to Library Street.

While the original library has been replaced in recent years by a more modernistic building, the three story red brick building was, for many decades, a source of joy and inspiration to many thousands of young Detroiters thirsting for knowledge and entertainment and its reading desks were always full.

The Doctor did not stop at just giving his services on boards and commissions. He personally did what he could to further the education of the people, as witness the series of lectures on the natural sciences given by him fortnightly before the Workmen's Society in Blaynck's Hall in 1854.

His views in regard to education and prohibition are best illustrated in his own forcible style in a communication on the "Michigan Liquor Law" published June 6, 1853 in a Monroe County paper, as follows:

"When I read of the grand bills which our honorable legislators hammer out for the money of the people in order to consign them, as stillborn children, to oblivion, I must consider where I am, whether under the Russian knout, or under the royal, imperial Austrian police supervision.

"The bad social conditions are due partly to the crudeness of the masses and partly to the bad liquors. It is a sad phenomenon which characterizes the life of the people here. No idea of a higher purpose of life, no conception of political conditions, no feeling for art or science - only money - money is the mainspring of everything, money is

purpose and aim, cause and effect.

"The loafing and rowdyism of this Union is to be found in the lack of education of the masses and in the indifference of the authorities towards education. We see no other means to check the drunkenness, crudeness and crime than to further the education of the people by all possible means at our disposal; to enforce compulsory education, but at the same time to make the schools real schools of life.

"Only the cultivated and educated man is in a position to be free; he alone understands how to appreciate republican conditions. The uneducated, however, the vulgar, craves for a straightjacket in order that he may live a more decent life, because he is unable to conduct himself as a man without the cudgel of the police. Therefore educate and ennoble the masses, and your liquor laws will be unnecessary, just as unnecessary as they are unreasonable."

This was not the considered opinion of an old man who was through with his drinking days, but a fiery young fellow of only 27 years who had come into the country only four years previously knowing scarcely a word of English.

In a letter to his father which was published in the Mannheimer Journal on October 10, 1855, he wrote of the extremes which were found in "this great and free country" i.e. "excessive drinking and exaggerated prohibition; almost unbounded liberty and the most vicious slavery; the so-called will of the people and the abject submission to political machines; freedom of religion and the strictest blue Sunday oppression."

These two quotations give you a very good insight into a character that in theory and practice were the exact opposites.

In theory Herman Kiefer was a liberty-loving republican (he would have resented being called a democrat), who believed thoroughly in the brotherhood of man and who was willing to sacrifice life itself, if need be, in defense of the lowliest of men; in practice he was an autocratic aristocrat whose word was law not only in his own family but in those groups with which he was associated and from which he promptly resigned when the majority differed from his

very strongly-held opinions. Like King Arthur, the head of the table was where he sat. And yet in spite of a practice that kept five horses on the go (one for the morning, one for the afternoon, one for the evening, and two out to pasture and rest), he accepted the post of City Physician in 1860. When the Civil War broke out, he immediately looked after the care of the wounded from the Michigan regiments, particularly the "Light Guard" and "Light Infantry" comprising two companies made up entirely of Detroit's finest young men.

Fearful conditions existed in the field hospitals at the front in the sparsely settled districts along the Ohio River in Tennessee, Kentucky, West Virginia, and "the wilderness" between the Potomac and the James Rivers. Seeing these conditions, Doctor Kiefer induced his friend John Harper to build a long row of wooden buildings facing John R Street where Harper owned a farm on what was originally the Brush farm. Here home-care was given such wounded as could possibly be moved, in long train loads, to Detroit.

With the help of his wife and other devoted women, he organized a corps of nurses and enlisted the services of other doctors to comprise an adequate staff. This was the start of the great hospital known, not only in Michigan but all over the United States, as Harper Hospital.

A man who worked entirely for the betterment of his fellows, at the same time he would rather walk miles than get into a street car with "those cattle" with their lack of polite manners and whose smell of honest sweat so offended his long aristocratic nose.

He was a man who believed almost fanatically in education and still more education, which he forced on his sons until there were literally no more colleges or universities either here or abroad to which he could send them. Only Edgar and Edwin escaped to a certain extent, as will be shown later. He then tossed them out on their own resources, to starve if need be, without a penny to their names. This policy he steadily adhered to all his life, even after his sons had shown their ability to make good at their chosen professions. In almost every instance the money paid out in giving a super-education in Europe,

Fig. 11. Edgar W. Kiefer

Fig. 12. Francis Kiefer

after graduation from an American college, would have been far better spent in giving the young man and his bride (as they promptly married) the start in life they so sorely needed, and would have saved many a hardship with its accompanying heartbreak.

As a leading Republican, we find Dr. Kiefer campaigning for Fremont against Buchanan in 1856. Buchanan was elected preceding Lincoln, for whom Kiefer took the stump in 1860, in these forceful words:

"You all stand, fellow citizens, on the side of the Republican Party. No German can be a defender of slavery, no one will be.

"You say 'If the Republicans win, the Union will be divided and the Union must be preserved'. Yes, she must be preserved. But who is continually sounding the cry of division? Are they the men of liberty or slavery?

"Does not the South openly threaten with disunion, hoping thereby to terrify the North and make the North her obedient tool?

"Citizens, if you stand for freedom, then stand by the Union, for this is built on the principles of freedom and it is impossible to harm it without destroying the entire structure. Do not let yourselves be deceived; stand fast by the Constitution, by the Declaration of Independence, and yours will be the reward of having saved freedom and the Union."

He did not know at the time how prophetic his words were. In the Civil War that was to follow, the backbone of the Army of the Potomac was the so-called Iron Brigade, made up of Michigan and Wisconsin men in which not only companies, but whole regiments, were men trained in the German Army and whose orders were given in German by German-speaking officers.

Herman's brother-in-law, Bruno Mauch, was First Lieutenant of Co. F, First Michigan Volunteers, was wounded and taken prisoner in the first battle of Bull Run, and died in Libby prison. His revolver is now one of the family heirlooms.

Dr. Kiefer continued his interest in political affairs. He was Presidential Elector in 1872 and, in 1876, as a delegate to the National Republican Convention, held in

Cincinnati, he united the Michigan delegation on the fifth ballot and swung the presidential nomination to Governor Hayes who afterward became President Hayes.

In July, 1883, he was appointed U.S. Consul at Stettin, Germany, which position he held until the election to the Presidency of Grover Cleveland who was a Democrat. Because Herman Kiefer was a very unusual type of Consul who labored unceasingly, as he always did at any allotted task, the State Department asked him to reconsider his resignation but he nevertheless resigned January 21, 1885. Among his Consular reports were his papers on "The Beet Sugar Industry in Germany," which he followed up when he returned to the States by establishing the beet sugar industry in Michigan. Other papers were "American Trade With Germany" in which he showed how it could be improved; "How Germany is Governed"; "Labor In Europe"; and so forth. These papers are in the files of the State Department but are too voluminous to be quoted here.

On March 15, 1889, Governor Luce appointed him Regent of the University of Michigan, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Regent Moses W. Field. In 1849, he was overwhelmingly elected for eight years, his term expiring December 11, 1901. As he was then 76 years old, he did not seek re-election, although he might well have done so for he lived 10 years more with full mental and physical vigor.

While a regent at the University he was, as the only Doctor on the Board, the chairman of the Committee on Sciences and Medicine and succeeded in increasing the requirements to a full four year course to be entered only after completing two years of a literary course and then another year's internship in an accredited hospital, making it seven years of scholastic and practical work before the candidate could practice medicine in the State of Michigan.

The new Science Hall, the Medical Building, the Engineering Building and the University Hospital can be largely attributed to his work, not only on the Board of Regents, but in lobbying for them in the legislative halls and committee rooms at the State Capital at Lansing,

where he was a well-known and powerful figure.

In this he was aided by two of his best friends, Dr. Victor Vaughn, Dean of the Medical College, and Captain Mortimer E. Cooley, Dean of the Engineering College, both not only outstanding in their respective professions, but delightful raconteurs, whose arguments and charming personalities it would be hard to resist.

Dr. Vaughn was fond of telling a story of a man in the south, who had fought in the Spanish-American war with him. In conversation, the gentleman asked Dr. Vaughn if he knew a Dr. Herman Kiefer of Detroit. When he learned they were friends, he told this story:

"During the War, I was wounded and my leg became so infected that the doctors at Harper Hospital, then being used for wounded and sick Army cases, decided to amputate it. About that time, Dr. Kiefer, then Chief of Staff, came through and asked, 'What goes on here?' He examined my leg and said, 'Well, we can always take it off when all else fails. Let's see what we can do.'

"Today," said the Southerner, as he tapped both legs, "I can not remember which one was injured, thanks to your friend Dr. Kiefer."

After the expiration of his term as Regent, he was honored on June 19, 1902, by the Board of Regents, with the honorary degree of Doctor of Medicine, and with the title Professor Emeritus of the practice of Medicine, in consideration of his merited work for the advancement of the department of Medicine and Surgery. The faculty of the Department had his life-size portrait painted in oil by his son, Edwin H. Kiefer, for the Faculty Room in the new Medical Building, where it now hangs.

Among the many honors he accumulated were Director and Examining Physician of the Michigan Mutual Life Insurance Company; Vice President of the Wayne County Savings Bank, of which he was one of the founders and of which his eldest son became Treasurer, as will be told elsewhere; member of the American Academy of Medicine; an active member of the Wayne County, Michigan State, and American Medical Associations, member of the American Academy of Political and Social Science, American Society for the advancement of Science, and the

American Historical Association, National Association for the Prevention of Tuberculosis, and other local clubs and societies.

Chapter V

PRIVATE LIFE

The preceding chapters give an outline of Dr.Kiefer's public life which is well-recorded on the annals of the countries of his birth and adoption, for wherever he went he left his indelible mark on the walls of history - but what kind of a man was this fiery-tempered, liberty-loving aristocrat in his home and private life.

Nothing less than a tyrant, only controlled by his wife. She listened to his tirades with perfect equanimity while sitting in her easy chair with her knitting, crocheting, mending or sewing, and could calm "the old bear's growling" with a twinkle in her eye and a kindly word of advice or a rejoinder that were so sorely missed when she passed on, in 1909, that he died of a broken heart two years later. He was utterly lost without her and in fact said he had no will to live but wanted to be united in death.

While he had a kindly and friendly manner toward the sick and helpless, he would brook no disobedience to his orders from the well members of the family or from the nurses who were taking care of his patients.

In the days when it was good practice to closet the sick as tightly as possible in a sick room, he insisted on fresh air and plenty of it.

One story is told of how he ordered the window kept open in the room of a certain patient, who was in a fever, only to find the window closed as usual the next day, whereupon he threw up the sash and stuck a stick under it to hold it open. Upon the third day, he again found the window closed, this time with the sash held down by a nail so it couldn't be opened.

He promptly, and without more ado, kicked out the whole sash, glass and all, with the admonition, in no uncertain terms, that if necessary he would kick out the whole window. This apparently settled the matter for good and all.

At a time when patients were always swathed up to the neck, he inaugurated the practice of giving baths, using ice packs, and so forth, to lower fevers. Sometimes he had to order a tub of water brought into the sick-room and, lifting the patient out of bed himself, proceeded to give a bath, over the anguished protests of the rest of the family.

Had he not demonstrated in an earlier experiment that a man, as well as a cat, could stand chloroform and live?

He stood in awe of no precedent and was always ready to try something different, provided accepted methods were not producing results. It was results and cures he was after, not a slavish following of orthodox practice.

He retired from active practice with a comfortable fortune in 1883, in his 58th year, to accept the consulship to Germany, but many times was called in consultation to members of families to whom, as a general practitioner, he had been the family physician.

Of these, he said, "Most of the time the patient would be on his death bed before I was called, the attending physician having correctly diagnosed the disease, and prescribed the usual acknowledged and orthodox treatment, without avail. It therefore stood to reason that, if the patient were going to die anyway, trying something else, even if not proven, was justified, and to my great joy and often utterly unwarranted credit, the patient recovered. I came to the opinion that no man was wise enough to say when a man or woman was dying, given the will to live."

Judge Swan, of the U.S. District Court at Detroit, told a story of how he remembered that, when he was a small boy, his mother was dying. The doctor and family had given up all hope, when they learned that Dr. Kiefer had just returned from Europe in 1885.

His father immediately hitched up his horse and, with the boy to hold the reins when he got out, drove furiously to Dr. Kiefer's house, rushed in and literally dragged the protesting doctor out, and drove back to his house.

Judge Swan said he sneaked in and hid behind the door and saw the Doctor come in and heard him, approaching the bed, say, "Well, Mrs. Swan, what seems to be the matter with you?" to which Swan's mother answered in a

feeble voice, "I fear, Doctor, I am dying." The Doctor gave a snort and, in his ringing, resounding voice, which always carried conviction wherever he went, replied, "Nonsense, you are going to live twenty years yet!"

"And," added the judge, "she not only made an immediate recovery but lived just twenty years more to a day."

He also told how his father was taken sick in Cincinnati at one time and, not getting better under the care of local doctors, wired for Doctor Kiefer to come to him at any cost. Dr. Kiefer wired back that he could not leave as he had too many sick patients and asked for his temperature, pulse, length of illness, kind of treatment he was taking, name and address of the doctor administering it, and the results. All this information was wired back, whereupon Dr. Kiefer wired what was to be done and, with daily wires which were almost as good as visits, cured him so that he was home within a week.

As Judge Swan said, "He could cure you by just walking into a room, fixing you with his steely blue eyes, telling you what to do and 'By God' seeing that you did it and I don't mean maybe either."

The story is told of Dr. Kiefer, that he was called in to see a patient, made his diagnosis (at which he had the reputation of having an uncanny facility), prescribed and departed, to call again the next day. There he found untouched the medicine he had prescribed, and on the stand a bottle of something else which the patient was evidently using.

Dr. Kiefer gave one look and turning to the patient, thundered, "Am I your doctor or am I not?" to which the frightened patient replied that most assuredly he was, whereupon the Doctor took up the bottle of the other remedy and, without taking the trouble to open the window, threw it out on the lawn right through the shattering glass, with the words, "Then you'll do as I say and take nothing else or get yourself another doctor!" We can well imagine the effect produced upon the poor patient who didn't want all his windows broken and his house wrecked because of any further experimentation from well-wishing friends or relatives.

A man of great presence of mind and quick thought, although of rather caustic and sarcastic wit, Dr. Kiefer never seemed at a loss in an emergency and met trouble half way in his own impetuous manner.

A story is told of how he was driving down Monroe Avenue, then Croghan Street which was just an unpaved dirt road, when a man, recognizing Dr. Kiefer's familiar black buggy, rushed across the street, grabbed the horse's reins at the bridle, and bringing the good Doctor to a stop, implored him to come at once as a butcher was choking to death on a fish bone he had swallowed.

The Doctor got out, dropping the iron weight he usually carried fastened to the ends of the reins, on the ground to hold the horse. As he proceeded across the muddy street, he stepped on part of the wooden curved hoop of a piece of slack cooperage, as sugar barrels were then called. Picking it up, he proceeded to cut off and whittle a sliver of it, without paying much attention to the agonized pleas to "Please hurry, Doctor, the man is dying, and never mind the whittling."

However, he carefully fashioned the piece of bent wood and smoothed it down, then opened his little black satchel, took out some cotton batting, and wound it about one end of it as he walked along. When he reached the choking butcher, he forced his head back, told him to open his mouth, and pushed the stick down his throat, fishbone and all, giving the man immediate relief. He then threw the stick away, climbed into his buggy and, without a backward glance, drove on about his business without bothering to explain that he had no proper forceps with him for that kind of an operation, and left the crowd that had gathered wide-eyed and gaping at another "miracle" performed by the doughty Doctor.

How he accomplished so much is beyond comprehension. With a practice that kept him going morning, noon, and night, he at the same time gave lectures, not only in his own line and profession at the newly established Detroit College of Medicine of which he was one of the founders, but on other scientific subjects. He attended the meetings of the various civic bodies and posts to which he was appointed and looked after his business interests, not

only on the board of the bank of which he was one of the promoters, but other business concerns. He was continually making speeches at various political rallies, traveling about the state at times to do so; or appearing before the State Legislature in favor of, or against, some measure up for debate. A friend of Governors and Senators as he was of the lowest workman with whom he came in contact, all these activities could only be carried on by a man of prodigious vitality and vigor who devoted almost every waking hour to some worthwhile endeavor and who made instant decisions on the take it or leave it principal. He had no time to waste in argument - in fact was too impatient and irascible to listen to any opinions which disagreed with his own.

He was a great student, reading all manner of scientific works even outside of his own field, and was attracted by new theories that came along.

When h e was about seventy-five years old, there was a great to-do about the discovery of liquid air. The discovery was promptly exploited by a man named Kelly, who proposed taking air, which didn't cost anything, liquifying it and thus be able to ship the liquid air in steel containers under pressure which, when released would give back the same power that it took to liquify it in the first place. Here then, was the inventor's dream of perpetual motion come true. All you had to do was liquify the first batch of air which would of course, it was said, make the second batch and so on forever. The good doctor took some stock in the new concern. Some years later, after the stock failed to pay any dividends, he got a notice of an annual meeting and, as he made it a practice to attend the annual meetings of corporations in which he held stock, he read it over carefully and found it was to be held in Phoenix, Arizona, on July 1st.

Reading up on Phoenix, Arizona, he remarked rather dryly that he found it to be the hottest place in the U.S. and the notice the politest he had ever received to go to Hell!

While he made a small fortune for those days, he was rather indifferent as to money. For many years he kept no books, merely placing his tall beaver hat (which was the customary headgear of the learned professions), upside

down on a small table at the entrance to his office and expecting his patients to put in whatever they could afford or thought his services were worth. Some days the hat was stuffed with bills from grateful patients and some days only contained a few coppers.

He had none of the paraphernalia of the modern office with files, typewriters, a receptionist answering the telephone (which had not yet been invented) or a nurse in attendance. There was a front office where patients walked in, sat down and waited and a back office, in which he held his consultations. One wall of the back office was occupied by a huge cabinet which contained most of the simple remedies and drugs of the day. These, the Doctor handed out with verbal instructions as to their use. When he had to write, he did so rapidly, as he did everything else, in a crabbed, scratchy hand that, while quite legible to those who knew it, was nothing to be proud of. To a druggist who once complained that he couldn't read the doctor's prescriptions, he rather testily replied, "I learned how to write - now you learn how to read."

As all men do, he mellowed with the years and as his sons grew to manhood he was fond of taking them down to a table at Geisse's saloon and restaurant. The largest and most popular of the downtown resorts, it was situated on the west side of Monroe Avenue, facing Opera House Square. There he would proudly sit at the head of the table and order great steins of beer and a plate of pretzels, greeting all his cronies and friends - he was a very well-known and popular figure - and showing off his family of five stalwart sons, demonstrating if need be that he could drink them all under the table - and they were no mean trenchermen themselves, particularly with such an upbringing.

He loved to hear the comments of the crowd as they came in: :Yes, that's Dr. Kiefer, the old white one, the father of them all," for as he grew older the black beard became white and fell upon his chest like Santa Claus's. About all you could see was the snowy white head, almost bald, the high forehead, the long aquiline nose, the heavy white bushy eyebrows, the deep-set piercing blue eyes and an expanse of white beard that came down, square cut, to

his breast.

At home he was a severe task master, expecting everything to be spotless, neat and orderly, meals cooked to his liking, children in their places to be seen and not heard, getting good marks at school and making the most of their opportunities of education to which he was so passionately devoted.

And yet he dearly loved a party and overlooked no opportunity - Christmas and birthdays - to have the entire family in and gathered around the festive board - the more the merrier. Choice wines of his own importation and bottling were served with the turkey, goose, or roast and all the trimmings, and on special occasions there was champagne which came from his own well-stocked cellar.

On these occasions, it was no dull, family gathering - there was wine, women and song, as the wives were supposed to enter into the spirit of the occasion and take and give their bit of banter and repartee and at least join in the roaring chorus of the old songs, most of which were in German or Latin and stemmed from more youthful days when "life and love and hope were all the young life's store."

Because he was so often late at meals during his busy practicing years, his wife, Frances (and he always called her "Frances" - never "Fanny" or any other nickname) sat at the head of the table and presided, the serving maid or maids bringing in the food and doing her bidding.

The Doctor - either father or grandfather to all at his board - saw to it that everyone was liberally supplied with wine and with toasts and song kept the ball rolling, as only such a strong, vigorous personality, accustomed to leadership all his life, could do.

And thus he came to the end of his days - he seemed indestructible, as full of life, vigor and force as ever, until his wife died. For a short while he tried to keep on in the old home but soon gave it up and with it most of his interests. Without her, he was lost and had no will to live and joined her two years later in his 86th year - on October 11, 1911.

Chapter VI

THE MOTHER

As stated elsewhere, Franciska (or Anglicized, Frances, as her husband always called her) Kehle was born May 25, 1826 at Bonndorf Baden; married July 21, 1850 to Dr. Herman Kiefer; bore him nine children and died in Detroit, Michigan, August 6, 1909.

Those are the bare statistics, stripped to the bone, of a woman whose influence and spirit live on in her descendants even more than that of her famous husband who might not have been nearly so famous if it had not been for her steadying hand and wise counsel.

Herman was a forceful, fiery impetuous and violent character who carried all before him or, failing this, would have no more to do with it.

His wife Frances, on the other hand, was big, and strong and calm. She took things in her stride without rancor or bitterness and did much to soften, or at least to counteract, the harshness of her husband's character, not only to the members of her family, particularly her children, but to their friends and their world in general.

Her love for the man she promised must have been overwhelming. She came from a comfortable home where some of her relations are still living in Bonndorf and Freiburg and braved the dangers of an ocean trip in a sailing vessel, the terrors of a new and raw country just emerging from its frontier stage and Indian wars and raids as it was 100 years ago, to live amongst a strange people, not a word of whose language did she know. It took not only courage of a high order and an overwhelming love that never faltered in tending to and caring for the man of her choice and her children, but such determination to see it through as is found in very few.

She was never beautiful - her face was too strong and heavy-jawed for that - but she was a very good-looking young woman whose features are recalled to a remarkable

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extent in her granddaughter, Irma Bonning, when about the same age.

She had great poise and dignity and while her husband could be, and often was, rude to the other members of his family, he never attempted it with his wife. Not that he seemed to stand in the least awe of her - for he didn't - but at the same time it was plain that he loved and respected her too much to treat her with anything but the respect to which she was entitled.

He was a rebel - she was a homemaker; he was an experimenter - she was a conservative who held fast to the established order of things; he was a fighter who never declined the gauge of battle - she brought him a haven of rest and security without which, each day renewing his strength, he would never have accomplished what he did nor lived as long.

To make her home, with which, once established, she refused to part, to raise her family to self-respecting men and women, to gain social recognition as a foreigner who knew no English (which she always did speak with a German accent), was no mean accomplishment. With all of this, she never uttered a word of complaint nor expected any praise for doing only what she considered the most common and ordinary duties of a wife and a mother and the accepted lot of womanhood.

The present prosperity of the family, consisting largely of the grandchildren and great-grandchildren of this remarkable woman, is largely due to her stubbornness - to use her own expression.

Her second home in Detroit was located where the Kiefer Building (rented on a long lease by Crowley Milner and Company) now stands, half of the land fronting 50 feet on Library Street and 100 feet on Gratiot Avenue having been purchased from Clark Whitney in 1865, and the other half fronting 50 feet on Library Street having been purchased in 1873 from First German Evangelical Protestant St. Johns Congregation.

A two story brick house of rather commodious dimensions was built upon it, largely from the savings accumulated by her thrift, although her husband was never a spendthrift himself.

In 1883, when her husband accepted the consulship to

Stettin, Germany, he decided to sell the house and his practice, and make the diplomatic service, for which he was eminently fitted, his future life's work.

So, meeting Dr. Flinterman, he made a deal with him for the sale of his homestead, accepted $500 down therefor and brought the deed home to his wife for signature. And here he ran into a snag as she positively refused to sign, saying, "I left one home, then another, and now we have this one. Never am I going to be homeless again." "But," said Herman, "what am I to say when I have agreed to sell and accepted money for it?" To which she replied, "The good doctor knew very well, as you did, that this was a joint deed so you can give him back his money and tell him you have a stubborn wife!"

And so the matter rested. She accompanied him to Europe and rented their home which was by now in a business district, no longer the residential district it had been when the house was built. She rented another house on the north side of Montcalm Street between John R and Brush Streets, from which her daughter Hermine was married on December 26, 1885. She never would give up the property which she felt had been an anchor to windward in her world which had started with strife and war, only to be engulfed in the greatest war of all times up to then - the Civil War - with armies of a million men marching.

Only fifteen years after she had reached the "land of the free and the home of the brave," she witnessed the most brutal slavery, utterly unknown in the land of her birth, and the most despicable mob violence, in the draft riots of 1863 and '64, when armed gangs of hoodlums went through the poorer sections of the city along the waterfront at the foot of Brush and Randolph Streets, not a dozen blocks from her home, killing negroes - men, women and children - burning their houses and marching through the streets with negro babies, whose brains had been dashed out against the walls of their poor huts, impaled on sticks, spears and bayonets.

No Indian raid or massacre had ever been worse and, as the police were powerless and the militia away at the front, President Lincoln had to order the troops stationed at Fort Wayne to quell the riots and restore order. Nor

was Detroit the only city to resist the draft in this fashion - the riots in lower New York, Philadelphia, and Chicago were equally severe.

This in the "land of the free and home of the brave."

This home mentioned above, and illustrated elsewhere, was located at the north east corner of Library and Gratiot Avenues on lots 55 and 56 of the Governors and Judges Plat, with 100 feet frontage on both Gratiot and Library Streets and with a twenty foot alley on the north and east side of it. The alley separating this home property from the property facing Monroe Avenue in the same block has been vacated by the City and has reverted to the original owners, one half of it having thus increased the Library Street frontage of the home property to 110 feet.

It might be mentioned in passing that because Frances was "a stubborn wife", the family has received over two million dollars in rents, clear of all taxes or other expenses, since the erection of the present eleven story Kiefer Building, built in 1910-12, contracts for which were signed, after her death, by her husband who did not, however, live to see its completion, as he lost all desire to live after her passing.

While she was frugal and saving, nevertheless she believed in having good things to eat, good things to wear, and good things to use, and her table, person and house always was witness to that fact.

While she usually dressed in black and avoided bright colors, her clothes were in the mode and of good material. Jewelry of any kind, she seldom wore with the exception of a few brooches at her throat, made of gold or cameos which she treasured.

Her husband made his first return visit to Europe in 1873 after Germany had been consolidated following the Franco-Prussian war when all political exiles who had fought for German unity were forgiven, as well they might be.

Dr. Herman took this opportunity to return to Germany to see his parents and asked her what he could bring her.

Her reply was characteristic and to the effect that in-

asmuch as they had been separated in such haste and then married immediately upon their reunion, she had never had an engagement ring, and if he wanted to bring her something he might make up this deficiency with a modest little diamond ring so she would have it to wear as other women did. This was after they had been married twenty-three years and she had borne him nine children.

In equally characteristic fashion, he bought the largest diamond ring he could find in Europe, and when he presented it to her she was quite overcome - but it wasn't what she wanted because it was so large and so much better than that of her friends, most of whom had received their rings when they were young girls from boys without a great deal of means. So she always kept it in a little black bag which she never let anyone else carry for her, or look into. She just wanted a ring "like other women had," not to see if she could outshine them in any way. Finally, just before she died, she gave the ring to her "baby" - her last born son, Guy - then a grown man with a wife and family of his own, in whose family it is still being kept as a family heirloom.

She liked a good time and had her own set of cronies who had their afternoon "teas", called "Kaffee Klatches" or "Kaffee Krenchen", literally "Coffee Circles." The ladies would bring their sewing, mending, or crocheting and, over coffee and cakes (and what good cakes they were with "sugar nuts and spice and everything nice"), they would exchange the news and gossip of the day, discuss clothes, household management, and children, as women everywhere in every clime and age have done since time immemorial.

In spite of the fact that her husband believed and practiced the theory that all his children, given a good education (and more than any of them wanted), should stand on their own feet without any help either financial or otherwise from him, there was many a helping hand extended to her daughter and daughters-in-law by this good and thoughtful woman. She well knew, probably better than any of the next generation, how much it meant to the young mothers in her family to get not only words of advice and wisdom but help of a more material kind when

they needed it the most, without either her husband or their husbands knowing anything about it.

She was intensely practical in her gifts and at Christmas time invariably presented each family with a "stollen" which is similar to a fruit cake with raisins in it and which would keep indefinitely. Her husband always provided from his own cellars the bottles of wine that went into the baskets. With the grandchildren it was, of course, quite different as this couple were like any other grandparents in delighting to play Santa Claus and bring joy to childish hearts with toys that they would never have had otherwise - for instance stone building block sets, having the trade name "Anchor", which were not to be had in this country and it seems can't be had even now. These they brought back from Germany and, as the children grew older, they sent for the larger and more elaborate sets which are still preserved and being played with by their great-great-grandsons.

Christmas was a joyous time when the whole family assembled, those living in Detroit coming for Christmas Eve and those who lived away, like the Edgar S. Kiefers in Grand Rapids and Edwin, as often as possible, who lived in Paris, staying over and visiting their parents and other brothers' families for a week or more.

A big dinner was served, usually a roast goose, with white wine with the entree, and champagne with the main course, to give Santa Claus a chance to come down the chimney and leave the presents. When dinner was over, which was always too long for the impatient children, everyone would troop into the room in which the tree had been set up, all lit up with candles with the presents piled under it for the children, and a corner or table set aside for each family. And then the "beschàrung" or sharing of the presents would begin with many Oh's and Ah's until the parents took their sleepy and happy children home. Sometimes this meant pulling them home in a little sled for several miles through the snow, as automobiles hadn't been invented, horse street cars were few and far between on Christmas Eve when the horses, drivers and conductors were also celebrating, and none of the family had any horses and buggies as yet except the grandparents them-

selves.

In the Gratiot Avenue house, the tree was in the front parlor right in the corner of Gratiot and Library Street, with the back parlor, dining room, pantry and kitchen behind it along Library Street, as you will see by the picture of the house shown elsewhere.

In the Montcalm Street house, which was rented and occupied for only a short time, it stood in the bay window on the front of the house and in the last house, built at 89 Forest Avenue, East, it was in the large room in the wing over the library.

This house, built about 1890, was the last house on the street, there being nothing but empty fields stretching to the East and North of the Brush farm. It is still standing and apparently is in good repair, although the iron weather vane on the tower on the south-west corner of the office, where the doctor had his study, has had a decided lean for a good many years as if struck by lightning. Carved in the stone of the tower are the words "So ist's halt jetzt" meaning "So it is now". Over the mantle in the study was a scroll bearing the words "Ehre macht der Mensch" - "Responsibility makes the man."

Back of the office was a large library with four rows of book cases running the length of the room, one on either side wall and two back to back down the center and another one on the back or north wall.

The house was entered through the front door and hall, from which opened the front and back parlors. In the back parlor, alongside the fireplace on the north side and the big bay window lighting up the whole room, was Frances Kiefer's chair and there she was to be found almost every afternoon, in the brightest and most cheerful room in the house, with a hearty and cordial welcome for all who came to see her. And when her children or grandchildren were ushered into the room by the maid who answered the door, and would ask, "How's father or grandfather?" as the case might be, she'd answer with a smile and a twinkle in her eye, "Oh, the old bear is in his den, growling as usual, but go on in - he'll be glad to see you."

While there was no particular mention of or attention paid to the Doctor's birthday, one of the never-forgotten

Fig. 13. Lt. Com. Durand Kiefer, U.S.N.

Fig. 14. Edgar F. Kiefer

celebrations was his wife's birthday which was on May 25. It was duly celebrated (he saw to that) by the grandchildren presenting her with a bouquet of "May bells" as she called them (lilies of the valley). Then a big cut glass bowl was placed in the middle of the dining room table and ceremoniously filled with a sprinkling of bay leaves and other spices and just the right proportion of different vintages of wine to make the "May bowl." When the cups had been filled from a huge ladle, the toasts and songs would begin until everyone was feeling quite mellow and gay. Then dinner would be brought on and you may be sure it was a noble one with nothing lacking.

And so life went on in this big house until the end of their days. Enjoying a stately and leisurely life as a reward for all their years of strife and struggle, beloved and respected, at peace with the world, and in love with each other as they had been from the first - they looked upon their world and work and found it good until, full of years and in their eighties, with sixty years of married life together, they passed on, leaving a heritage and an example which any of their descendants would be proud to equal.

Chapter VII

THE ALFRED KIEFERS

Although Alfred was the oldest son of Herman and Frances Kiefer, he was not their first child. Their first-born, a daughter, Amelia, died at the age of five months.

Alfred was born July 12, 1853, in the house still standing, as related elsewhere, on the north-east corner of Hastings and Congress Streets. He was given as a middle name that of the great Hungarian patriot, Kussuth, who lost his life in his struggle against the imperial power of the Hapsburgs who, at that time, ruled Hungary with an iron hand. For a Christian or given name he was called Alfred after the English king who exhibited such noble qualities of character, both in prosperity and adversity and whose well-known story, given in every encyclopedia, book or biography of English history, need not be repeated here.

Alfred was a steady, sober, and quiet boy who went to the old Barstow School on the corner of Riopelle and Larned Streets (where a new school of the same name now stands) and later, when the family moved to the homestead on the corner of Library Street and Gratiot Avenue, to the Bishop School, as it was then called. This school building is still standing on the north side of Broadway between John R and Gratiot and is now the headquarters building of the Board of Education.

As he was not much of a talker or story-teller, little is known of Alfred's school life. One incident, however, may serve to illustrate the fact that his father evidently considered him a reliable aid.

Just as he was leaving for school, with his books under his arm, his father called him back into the office and told him to help with an cperation as a man had come in with a badly mangled hand. So Alfred dutifully assisted in taking off the index and two middle fingers of the left hand. He duly entered the man's name, Christofer

Columbus Atlanticus McDonald, in the record book of births, deaths, and operations, resolving not to follow his father's, grandfather's, and great-grandfather's profession but to choose something not quite so bloody and distressing.

Some twenty-five or thirty years later, when Alfred was paying-teller in the Wayne County Savings Bank, a man walked in and presented a good-sized check and asked for payment. Alfred knew the signature was good, but he naturally asked the man if he knew anyone who could identify him, as Alfred did not recall that he knew any C. C. A. McDonald. The man smiled and said certainly Alfred was one man who ought to know him. He held up his left hand, saying, "You helped your father take off these fingers," at which Alfred exclaimed, "Christofer Columbus Atlanticus McDonald, born, I think you said, on the Atlantic Ocean!"

As this is being written, we are skirting the coast of Spain, having just left Barcelona where stands a great figure on a fifty foot column on top of a golden sphere of the world which the "great navigator", after seven years of trial and poverty, had proven to be round and not flat. We spent three days in the birthplace of Christopher Columbus - Genoa, now strung with banners and posters in celebration of the five hundredth anniversary of his birth. The house of Columbus's father, the woolen weaver, still stands before, or just inside, the gates named after Genoa's next greatest citizen, Andrea Dorea. This evening we will pass through the Gates of Hercules, now known as the Straits of Gibraltar, beyond which lay in utter darkness, a sea once believed to be peopled with monsters - and the edge of the world.

We view these storied shores once held by historic peoples - by Carthaginians, whose remains still lie in the town just passed, founded by them and still called Cartagena; by Romans whose walls are still standing in almost every town along these shores; by the Moors whose graceful architecture is still seen on every hand and perpetuated at Barcelona in the design of a very modern and alive yacht club, looking like a Moorish mosque; by the proud and haughty Spaniards who once ruled a great, world-

encircling empire and whose fleets were considered invincible. Now we come to the "Rock" held since 1704 by the English whose empire seems to be crumbling like that of Spain. We wonder what comes next and if the "Rock" will eventually be held by some big insurance company on a mortgage given to secure a loan on this piece of property, pledged by this same empire - just as Queen Isabella is said (but without foundation in fact) to have pledged her jewels to finance Columbus's first voyage. We wonder if then, in truth, it may bear in great letters a hundred feet high the words made so familiar to every schoolboy by Prudential advertising that many associate the Rock, not with its history which is literally the history of civilization, but with an advertising slogan.

So much for this digression into the land of Columbus and the historical past, the events of which made it possible to write this little book about a couple who dared break with tradition and seek new paths with the same courage and determination which characterized the Admiral of the Ocean Seas.

And so we have Alfred going to school, getting his lessons, and learning to write a beautiful, copperplate, Spencerian hand; learning to ride and shoot, as most pioneer boys did; and being taught by his father, an old corpsman, to be an expert swordsman.

At eighteen, when he graduated from the High School which stood in Capital Square in Detroit and which was formerly the State Capital Building, he was a man to turn any girl's head. Of medium height, five feet eight and one half; weighing about 180 pounds; with a full, black beard, spade-cut after the fashion then set by the President, General Grant; in his uniform of the Light Guard; and riding one of his father's horses, he cut quite a dashing figure. He had a good baritone voice and was in demand in the amateur shows and theatricals with which the younger set amused themselves.

As was inevitable, a romance did blossom forth between him and one of the prettiest girls of the town who had a spirit to match his own, was a superb and daring horsewoman and who wanted no weakling or dandy for a companion. Riding one of her father's horses, she would

meet him after school on the Grand Circus Park, a great open field on the northern edge of town.

Like his mother, she was named Frances, although all the boys and girls nicknamed her Fanny, and was the eldest daughter of the wealthy furniture manufacturer, Henry Weber. Francis gave her heart to this dashing cavalier and though they "pledged their troth," in the language of the day, they were to wait six long years before they could finish their education and be married, and thereby hangs another tale.

In 1873, when his father's back was turned (he was making his first return to Europe), Alfred got himself a job during his summer vacation, with a wholesale tobacco dealer, named Sigmund Rothchild. Applying himself, for he was always an earnest and conscientious worker, he immediately made good and was soon keeping old Rothchild's books, making his bank deposits, looking after customer accounts, checking invoices, bills and receipts, and making plans with his beloved for their future together. He had a natural flair for business and liked this tobacco business and the old man. Rothchild, who had no heir and who appreciated young Kiefer's sterling qualities, hinted of a partnership when Alfred should become of age for he was just the kind of young man the tobacco dealer needed to ease the burden as he grew older.

All this, however, was immediately stopped when Dr. Herman Kiefer returned. No son of his was to be an untutored, unlettered, uncouth tobacco merchant. Alfred, with only four years of Latin and two years of Greek, was far from being versed in the classical writers, Greek, Roman, German, French, and English. He sadly lacked the proper training in the humanities, so-called, and certainly must have not only one but several degrees in the learned arts from the best universities in the world. That his boy was polite and respectful to his elders, an earnest student and worker and, in a typical American way, wanted only to "make good" and marry the girl of his choice, was all beside the point. Educated he was to be and educated he was!

As the richness of the Upper Peninsula of Michigan had just been discovered, and as his son refused to fol-

low his father's career, as most sons do, Dr. Herman decided Alfred was to be a mining engineer and forthwith sent him to the best mining school in the United States, namely Columbia University in New York. Perhaps he was influenced in his decision by the fact that the mining school of Columbia had carved over the doorway the German miner's greeting and farewell when he went underground - "Gluck Auf" meaning "Luck to you" or "Luck to come up", much as the airmen use "Happy Landings."

And Frances, his beloved Fanny, was sent to Kenwood Seminary for young ladies, run by the Sisters of the Sacred Heart mother house, located at Albany.

A promise was exacted by the girl's mother that he would leave her alone and not see her or write to her until her education was completed. Apparently Frances also "had it bad" and was more concerned in dreaming of the future with the man she loved than tending to her lessons in language, music, history, astronomy and what not.

No doubt parents of all ages have acted and will continue to act, in the same way and, with every desire to insure their children's happiness, manage to frustrate their hearts' desires and often lead them to barren fields which are "so practical" but where nature, thwarted, grows no flowers of love no matter how watered by the tears of the broken-hearted.

So Alfred dutifully graduated as a mining engineer at Columbia as a Bachelor of Science and Frances graduated at the Academy of the Sacred Heart only to be met by further demands on the part of the parents that they be educated in the best schools of Europe.

In vain they argued that they did not want further education - they wanted only to be left alone and to be together. No, they were only 22 years old - had scarcely reached their majority and were far from knowing what was good for them or what they wanted!

So Frances was taken by her mother and her two sisters to an exclusive "finishing school" at Dresden, conducted by a Miss Nickolai, and Alfred was sent to the oldest and most renowned mining school in Europe, at Freiberg. Was it a coincidence that they were only 20 miles apart?

Alfred promptly absolved himself of his promise not to see his girl, by writing a very formal letter to the girl's mother, as he considered their education quite finished when she graduated from the convent of the Sacred Heart and he from Columbia.

The mothers of these two must have been on very good terms as they went to Europe together, with the six children of Mrs. Kiefer and four of Mrs. Weber, making the party an even dozen - maybe it was "cheaper by the dozen."

Alfred was left in Freiberg, and Frances, with her two younger sisters, Emma and Othelia (Tilly for short), were left at Dresden. As the two towns are only about 20 miles apart in Saxony, quite a lively correspondence was carried on between Alfred and Fanny and there were occasional meetings, as shown in one letter lamenting that he could not keep an appointment, seeking forgiveness, and breathing undying devotion, the way of lovers in any age and country.

As he was not particularly interested in his studies, he joined the Corps Monton with its blue gold colors and picturesque uniform and cap, and was such an expert swordsman, due to his quick eye and strong wrist, that he was soon at the head of the organization (although an American). After engaging in numerous duels in which the Montons invariably won, he decided that the only way to make it a sporting proposition was to split the Corps in half and then arrange duels with those remaining with Monton.

Accordingly, he established a chapter of the Corps, Franconia, and so could match himself and his adherents with the best of his former buddies in Monton. In all he fought 11 duels (which is like playing eleven games on the varsity), in the two years he was there, and the numerous scars on his head and right cheek attested to the fact that he didn't always come off unscathed, even if declared the winner. Twenty years later he was still a match for any amateur and could easily take an ordinary walking stick and best his son, armed with a sword, as his stroke was lightning quick and accurate for he fought - as he wooed - with dash and courage.

At length the schooling ended for the two lovers and they returned to Detroit expecting the parental blessing to their union, only to be told that they ought to wait some more, first and foremost because Alfred had no job, no money, and no prospects; nor did his father make any move to remedy the situation. He merely pointed out that Fanny was a very extravagant girl, daughter of a wealthy father who gave her everything, that he (Alfred) could not hope to support her in the style to which she was accustomed, and that she had not earned the nickname of "the princess" without reason.

The Webers now felt equally affronted and would not consent to a marriage to a penniless youth, no matter what their daughter thought.

Confronted with such a dilemma, they did the only possible thing left - got their marriage license, went before a justice of the peace on the 16th of June, 1879, and with one brother and a sister as witnesses, were quietly married, and departed on their wedding trip to Cincinnati, where they stayed at the old St. Nicholas Hotel, long since torn down.

Alfred had but little to get ready and Fanny (as she was always known) proceeded to get her own trousseau together. Her mother, knowing full well what was going on and powerless to stop it, came into her room and, looking over her purchases, said, "But Fanny where are your aprons?" She received the spirited reply, "I don't intend to wear any."

She had never done a stroke of work in her life, had never entered the kitchen, and knew nothing about housework. She was to have a very rude awakening!

Her mother told the story of how one day Fanny swept into the room where she was sitting and, drawing on her gloves, remarked "I think the house is on fire, I'm going out." And out she went. Luckily the blaze was a small one and easily extinguished.

She was a superb horsewoman, boasting that there was never a horse she couldn't ride. One day, to prove it, she took from the barn a big brown stallion, just purchased by her father and which he had warned her not to attempt to ride. However she liked nothing better than a

Fig. 15. Christie, Michael and Rosemary Kiefer. Left to right, Mike, Rosemary, Chris, on Mairead at Port Huron, Mich.

Fig. 16. Arthur E. Kiefer

dare and went prancing down the main street with the horse rearing and plunging all over Woodward Avenue until some merchant, fearing for his windows, called the sheriff who came galloping to the rescue. Grabbing her horse's bridle, he led her home with the stern warning that she was not to disturb the peace again with that wild animal or he'd have to arrest her. She, of course, was not the least chastened, but furious, and would have repeated the performance the very next day if her father had not forestalled his reckless daughter by sending the horse out to his farm on the Six Mile Road.

You may be sure that when her father urged her not to marry until her young man could support her, she reminded him that she was his daughter and that he had overcome all obstacles and had married the girl of his choice shortly after he met her at a dance, without waiting six years for an education that was to prove of so little value.

It seems that her father, young Henry Weber, being the eldest of quite a clan, had turned everything over to his brothers and sisters - abdicated as it were - and, with quite a bit of money for those days, had landed in Detroit. Discovering that in this fast-growing community all the furniture was being imported at great expense from the east or from Europe, while the best walnut, oak, birch, maple and other woods so abounded in the neighborhood that they were almost worthless and would be given away to help clear the land for agriculture, he soon determined to engage in the furniture business. He established his factory in the block bounded by High, Montcalm, Brush and John R Streets and this tract was soon piled with logs and lumber of all descriptions. As he was shrewd, honest, conscientious, and insisted on only the best workmanship and materials going into his product, he soon established a market for it and started making money. In fact it was said of him that "everything he touched turned into gold."

As he traveled about the country buying timber, he met Caroline Dohmstreich (1), the only daughter of a very proud aristocrat, Gottleib Dohmstreich, a former officer in the famous, "Black Hussars", who had a large tract of

land just east of Plymouth where he lived in his great octagonal house like the lord of the manor.

When Henry Weber came to him asking permission to call and pay suit to Caroline, he was told to betake himself hence as she was destined for no such audacious upstart as himself.

Young Henry did betake himself back to Detroit and, as near the center of the city as he could get, about 200 feet from the city hall, on the principal street (Woodward Avenue), he bought one of the most valuable pieces of land in the city, facing Opera House Square.

There, her proceeded to erect the tallest and largest building between New York and Chicago, it being six stories high and faced with grey limestone. So well was it built that it is still one of the best buildings in downtown Detroit. At present it is occupied by Sanders Candy store and owned by the estate of Peter Henkel, whose oldest son was married to Fanny Weber's next sister, Emma. Not content to demonstrate his worldly wealth in this fashion, he next proceeded to build a two-story brick house on the south side of High Street, between Brush and John R, which property he already owned in connection with his furniture factory, and added a good brick barn which is still being used as a garage. In fact, about seventy years later Frances Weber Kiefer had her chauffeur rent a garage for her car when she lived at the Wardell Apartments on Kirby Street and, asking to see the garage one day, was driven into what she immediately recognized as having once been her father's barn - the one department of the household with which she was thoroughly familiar.

These things being accomplished, young Henry Weber staffed his house with servants and invited his future father-in-law with his wife and daughter for a visit while he modestly and discreetly took up his residence in the then-popular Russel House, diagonally across the square from his new Weber's Furniture Emporium.

So in the end he got the girl and as the fairy stories say "Lived happily ever afterward."

Caroline Weber, the mother of Frances, was a small, neat and thoroughly competent woman who was to be her

husband's right-hand-man in the business, keeping his accounts with one hand while running his household with the other and, when reverses came, first with the Chicago fire in which they lost over $100, 000 in furniture and receivables over night, and then in the disastrous fire which destroyed the Weber furniture factory in Detroit, it was she who held things together and salvaged enough to keep her comfortable for the rest of her days.

While Henry couldn't countenance a wedding that he thought would spell nothing but trial and hardship for his daughter, he was generous in outfitting the young couple with the best of furniture each time they moved. In fact, these moves were largely financed by selling the furniture given them by Fanny's father, Henry.

And so Alfred Kussuth Kiefer and Frances Josephine Mary Weber were duly wedded by a justice of the peace and, after a short honeymoon, came back to a little cottage on Cass Avenue.

As the parents on both sides predicted, there was nothing for a mining engineer to do in Detroit and, as he was educated to make his fortune in the vast wilderness of the Upper Peninsula of Michigan from its inexhaustible supplies of copper, silver, and iron ore, there they betook themselves after a short stay in Detroit.

However, this part of Michigan was no more hospitable than the lower part of the State had been and they almost starved to death during the winter of 1879. He got some assaying to do and she gave music lessons to such pupils as she could get. Their next door neighbors were a truck driver and his wife, named Frue, who brought the bride her shovelfull of live coals to start her hearth fire and a "rising" of yeast bread to keep the breadbox full. Thirty years later, this good couple's daughter, Helen, who was then but a little girl, moved next door with her husband, Frank Stevens, at Grosse Pointe.

Inasmuch as Alfred couldn't get a job in Houghton or at the iron mines, he now wrote to his father's friend, Zacharias Chandler, then United States Senator of Michigan, asking him if he knew of anything he could get to do. Senator Chandler responded by writing to the Governor of the State of Colorado who advised him that a new mine,

called the Telegraph, was being opened in Utah, south of Salt Lake City, and he would try to get young Kiefer a job there.

The net result was that the young mining engineer was finally offered a job which turned out to be that of superintendent of this mine, located in a gulch which they called West Jordan, about 15 miles south of Salt Lake City on the Jordan River.

Leaving his bride in Salt Lake City while he built a home for her in West Jordan, he proceeded to put up the usual style house in those arid deserts - namely an adobe house about 28 feet long and about half that in width. This had a door in the middle of the long side, both front and back, and two small windows dividing up the space between the doors and the end of the building. It stood on a slight rise at the head of the gulch, which had neither sidewalks, stores nor post office. No sanitary arrangements existed in the one-room barn of a house, scarcely better than a cow barn.

To this came the imperious "Princess" who didn't "intend to wear any aprons."

From packing boxes with one end knocked out to make shelves facing toward the center, the young woman made her kitchen and dining room, leaving one room for a bedroom and another for a living room. Needless to say there were no doors to these rooms nor did the partitions extend to the ceiling. Water was carried in a pail from a well outside and was heated on the stove in the center of the kitchen.

Into this raw country, came the young bride, learning everything the hard way, as she knew nothing of cooking or keeping house except what good Mrs. Frue had taught her when she lived at Houghton. The graceful and pretty fashions of the courts of Europe, taught at Miss Nickolai's school at Dresden, were of little use to the courageous young woman, wrestling with a frozen pump, for she turned out to be the mechanic in the family, instead of her engineer husband who confessed that he could never read a blue print or understand mechanics.

Her husband, fresh from the universities and capitals of Europe, was equally unaccustomed to playing the role

of a rough, bearded miner in high leather boots, and both often wished themselves back in Detroit and regretted the day that Alfred's father made him give up his chance and start in the tobacco business, to become a cultured and educated gentleman.

Then, one raw night in the spring of 1880 - to be exact, on March 8th - while Alfred rode to Salt Lake City for a doctor who didn't get there in time, a baby boy was born under the rough but experienced ministrations of an old Indian woman from the Ute tribe living on the other side of the Jordan River.

Now - what to call the baby? Finally it was decided to name him after the father's brother who first sent in his congratulations. So the very next day, Alfred mailed post cards to the parents and brothers and sister, saying, "Yesterday Fanny gave birth to a splendid boy. Both are doing well. Alfred"

How the news was received by the family, we don't know, but one brother, the most impetuous, chance-taking, aggressive of the lot, waited for no mails - he wired - so the baby's name was Edgar and for a middle name he was given his mother's maiden name, Weber.

However, Alfred was not destined to be a miner. He had been at West Jordan but a few years when he was told he was contracting lead poisoning as the mine was a lead and silver mine. These two metals which look so much alike are usually found in the same ores and the fumes from the smelting of them are deadly. The little cemetery was already beginning to be filled, not only with those who died from the hazards of their calling (hard rock mining is not one of the most ladylike occupations), but from the dreaded lead poisoning which had already killed every bit of vegetation in the gulch called West Jordan.

So they got another superintendent for the Telegraph which in its seventy years of existence (it is still operating) has seen so many mine superintendents come and go. Again the Alfred Kiefers sold their furniture and, with their few remaining belongings, took the stage coach for the free lands of Nebraska which could be had from the government for a dollar and a half an acre, provided the settler built a house, settled on the land and lived upon it

for two years.

Some miles out of Loop City, Nebraska, going by way of Denver and Cheyenne, Alfred found a good piece of well-watered land and took up a section of 640 acres, determined to recover his health by living in the open as the doctor had advised.

He knew nothing of farming and less about cattle ranching but both he and his wife had ridden since childhood and loved it, so this seemed an ideal life. They built themselves a one-story frame cottage with a barn in the rear, got a wagon, a span of horses, a couple of riding horses and a bunch of cattle.

There they spent a couple of terrible winters and hot summers. In winter the blizzards piled snow up to the eaves and the ranchers had to tie a rope leading from the house to the barn so they could get out to water and feed their cattle and horses. But Alfred didn't think to tie a rope between the house and the wood pile and nearly lost his life getting back to the house in a blizzard. That was the time they ran out of fuel. To keep warm, they got into bed with the youngster between them and burned up all the loose wood in the house, including the kitchen chairs and table, some of the floor boards and a few odds and ends such as corn cobs - anything that would burn just to keep from literally freezing to death in the 20 to 40 below zero temperatures which are not unusual on those barren wind-swept plains.

After the storm subsided, Alfred hitched up the team and drove into Loop City for a load of coal but on the way back so many of the settlers along the road begged him for just a bushel of coal to tide them over that he got back at night with barely enough to heat his own house for a day. Naturally, his wife was indignant, saying, "Sure it's all right for you to help out all those other women but how about your own wife and child. Just as soon as the horses are rested, you'll go right back and get me some coal and never mind stopping on the way to have all those other women tell you what a hero you are in breaking the way into town to save them all!" But he would only grin and to tease her would say, "Like me, Fanny?" to which he always got the same spirited retort, "Don't know what I

married you for if I didn't."

But in spite of all her sufferings and hardships, she would always say, "If I had it to do all over again, I'd do it just the same way." She had no regrets.

In the summer came scorching winds which dried up all the rivers and water holes so it was a saying that if you fell in the river all you had to do was get up and dust yourself off.

The second summer they were out on the plains, there was one of those periodic droughts which raise such havoc with cattlemen, and the man on the next section rode over and said, "Kiefer you've got water and I've got cattle, either you buy me out or I'll buy you out but this way we're both going broke!" It wasn't hard to persuade the young couple to give up cattle ranching and homesteading in that God-forsaken land, accustomed as they were to the green forests and meadows and abundant water of the Great Lakes region where they were born. He had accomplished what he came for - to regain his health - and was glad to sell out and be able to return to Detroit in style, by railroad, in a sleeper car.

When they got to Chicago, the youngster went wild with excitement, calling to his mother to "Come see all the ponies." While he had been brought up with horses - his father often said he learned to ride before he learned to walk - he had never before seen so many at one time. The fact that there were even more people than horses didn't seem to count. Nearly seventy years were to pass before that youngster rode a camel - however, in the meantime he had ridden just about everything else on four legs, on wheels, or that sailed or flew.

When they got back to Detroit, they were confronted with the same problem that had sent them adventuring across the continent - how to earn a living in a city that had no use for mining engineers no matter how thoroughly educated. By this time, however, any inhibitions cultivated by a "gentlemanly calling" had gone with the wind and the father took the first job he could get, that of shipping clerk and loader in a flour mill at $45.00 a month. The work of loading flour barrels all day long was hard and to get an extra $5.00 he kept the books of the mill

during his evenings at home.

It wasn't much but it kept body and soul together and paid the rent on a two story frame cottage in the second block north of Michigan Avenue on 16th Street, about a mile from the center of town. Just north of the house, there was an empty field where the boys used to play ball and the youngster, who was too little to play with them, used to watch them with longing eyes, waiting for the leader, called Kelly, to show up, when he would shout "Kelly kompt. Kelly kompt" which his mother had a hard time understanding to mean "Now Kelly comes!"

After a while, Alfred's brother said to him, "Alfred, if you aren't going to follow your profession, there's an opening in the bank where I work for another bookkeeper. They'll pay $50.00 per month, the work isn't half as hard, and there's some future in it."

Thanking him, Alfred threw up his job in the flour mill and went to the Wayne County Savings Bank on West Congress Street. This stood between the Ford Building and the Penobscot Building, formerly the Murphy Building, but it has been torn down and the land used as a parking lot for a number of years.

Alfred had now found his life's work after his "Sturm und Drang" years and settled down to be a banker. He was a careful, methodical man who would not be hurried and who rarely lost his temper; a man of his word to the penny in business and to the exact minute in keeping appointments and, like the Rock of Gibraltar, always dependable.

It was but natural that he rose through the successive steps in the bank to receiving teller, paying teller, cashier and treasurer, and would have been made president of the bank if his father had not blocked that ambition at the death of General Weston, then president.

It seemed that the choice of the directors lay between Charles Collins and Alfred Kiefer and, while they were equally good men, the directors would favor the man who had the largest financial interest in the institution. As Alfred's father had been one of the founders of the bank and was a large shareholder, Alfred went to him and offered to buy his shares at the market price, paying as much as he could in cash and giving his note for the re-

Fig. 17. Mrs. Arthur E. Kiefer

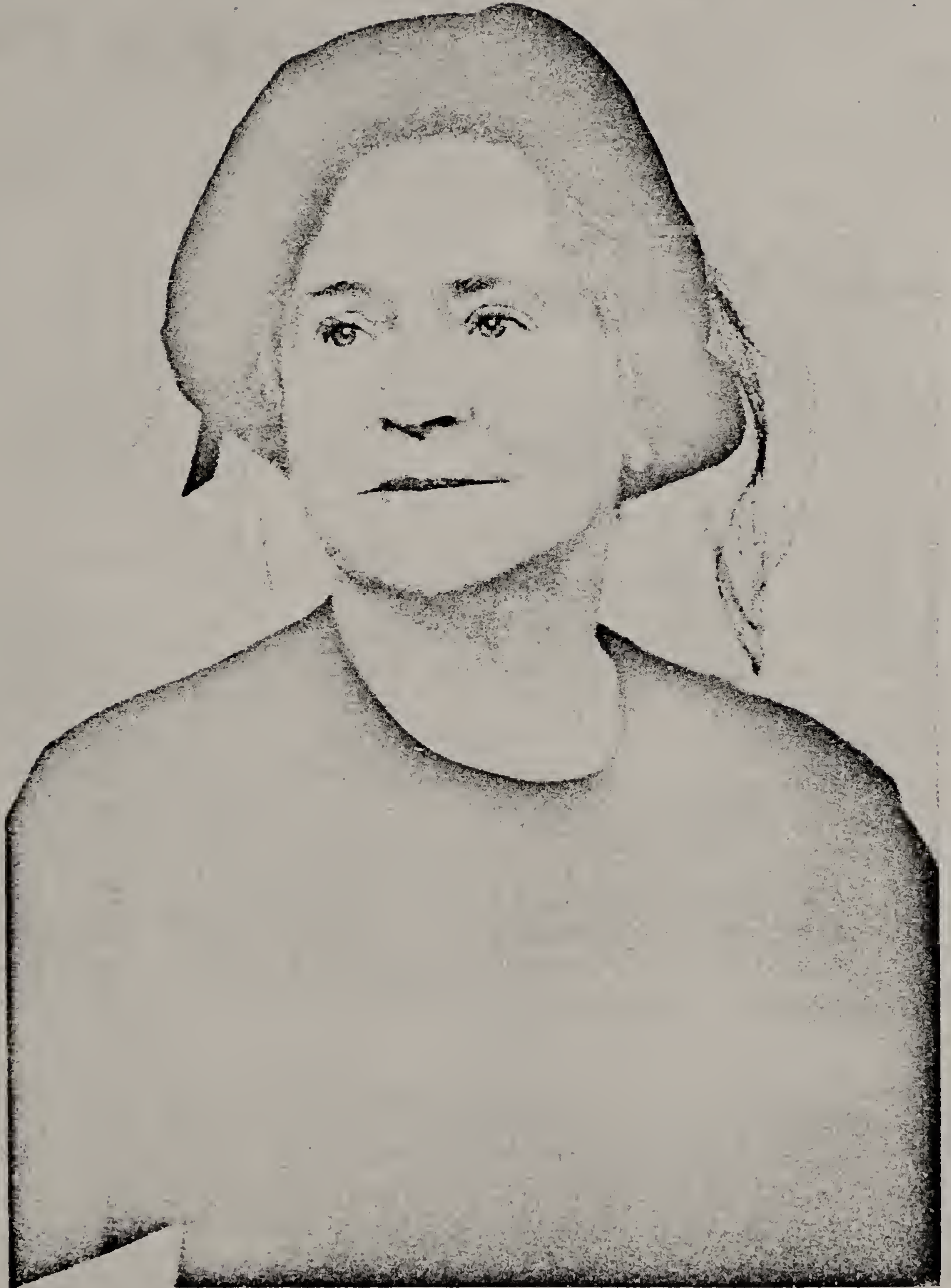

Fig. 18. Elsa Kiefer Danziger

mainder with interest to be paid semi-annually as he could save the money to discharge the debt. He explained to his father that with that amount of stock in his name he thought he would be elected president. At that, his father "blew up" and said, "If they don't recognize your worth and if the position is for sale to the highest bidder, I'll sell my shares tomorrow" and sell them he did the very next morning. The Collins family, who had three brothers in the bank, pooled their interests, bought Dr. Kiefer's stock, and put all the stock in Charles Collins's name, who was then duly elected president.

In time, Alfred and Fanny moved to the east side of Detroit, into a somewhat better neighborhood on Fort Street between Russel and Riopelle, only two blocks from the Barstow School where Alfred had started when his father lived on the corner of Congress and Hastings. Their only other child was born there on March 15th, 1887 just seven years and seven days after his brother's birth. He was named Francis after Alfred's wife and his mother.

Shortly afterward, Alfred built the house still standing at 115 Russell Street. This was a two story frame house in which he tried to install every modern convenience for his wife who had done so much for him. Instead of a base-burner heating the house, it had central heating with hot air in every room; a gas range in the kitchen instead of a wood-fired stove; an inside bath room with hot and cold water and toilet instead of the "Chic Sales" out in the back yard; Welchbach gas lamps in every room instead of the kerosene lamps which had to be trimmed, filled and cleaned every morning. And you may be sure that Fanny fully appreciated all these modern conveniences and had quite a hand in the planning and installation of them - she could at last invite her family to a house quite equal, at least in comforts, to the one she had so blithely left "without an apron" nearly ten years before.

They joined the popular society of their day, "The Harmonie"(which at that time, before it burned down, was on Congress and Brush) and participated in the giving of the operas which were a feature of the society. Each year, there was a week of opera in which Alfred, with his good baritone voice and stage presence, took a leading part,

while Fanny trained the youngsters in their little Christmas plays. They lived on Russell Street until the new high school (now Wayne University) was built on Cass Avenue between Forest Avenue and Hancock. They then moved into a double brick house on Alexandria to be near the school the oldest boy, Edgar, was then attending.

This was in 1896 and in 1900 they built the house out at Grosse Pointe. While Alfred paid for it, Fanny selected the lot, hired the architect, laid out the grounds, made the plans, dealt with the contractor and completed the job, so that Alfred knew nothing of what was going on from the time he saw the lot until he went into a house completely finished and furnished, with the curtains up and everything in place.

This was not as strange as it seems for he knew his wife to be a better mechanic than he and, from experience, realized that she knew how to get her own way. She was a driver of hard bargains with a will and determination to see through to completion anything she started. She would brook no delay and was afraid of neither man nor beast - except for an unaccountable, childlike fear of both cows and dogs.

This home he called "Athelney" after the island retreat of Alfred the Great for whom he was named. It was a pleasant place on the shore of Lake St. Clair, thirteen miles from the center of Detroit which could be reached by the interurban cars in an hour.

In 1888, Oscar Thilmany bought the American rights to the Mitscherlich patents for making sulphite fibre and Alfred Kiefer, at the age of 32, was the prime mover in the formation of the Michigan Sulphite Fibre Company, whose story is told in another chapter. He became Treasurer of the company and was a director from the time it was chartered until his death - in fact the last thing he did was to sign some company checks.

He was too young to have been actively engaged in the Civil War of 1861-65 and too old when the Spanish War broke out in 1898 but he never ceased to be indignant at the folly of buying the Philippines from Spain for twenty-four million dollars after capturing them from that country in the battle of Manila fought on May 1, 1898.

"Just what are we going to do with 24,000,000 niggers which we are buying at a dollar a head? Are they American citizens or slaves or wards of this nation or what? It's bad enough to have that number in this country that we don't know what to do with; that's our own fault, and not theirs, because we brought them here, but to go out and buy another lot who can't speak our language, are savages and head-hunters, and live halfway across the world where we have no interests, is just asking for trouble.

"We can't assimilate them without ruining our own race; we can't use them without degrading our own labor; they will cost us untold millions and you and your sons and your grandsons will rue the day we ever entered into this Asiatic adventure where we have no business."

How true that prophecy was! We have fought one war with Japan which would probably never have occurred if we had not taken over the Philippines. Today, we are fighting a war with China over the possession of Korea. Alfred's grandson is now engaged in that war which will undoubtedly take at least one of his great-grandsons before it is over. If anyone had said fifty years ago that we would be fighting China over Korea, he would have been greeted with laughter for such a fantastic idea.

But camouflage as you will with great ideologies, United Nations banners, proclamations and resolutions, that is the bare fact of the case and we wonder where next we will be fighting Russian stooges over some God-forsaken desert, in the name of the holy grail and to the glory of the Democratic party.

While we are sailing over the Mediterranean, we can not help thinking of the Crusades, which drained the best blood and most of the treasures of Europe throughout a hundred years, in the fight against the infidel Turk at as great a distance, in time if not in miles, as we are fighting today in Asia. Our strongest ally today is the same infidel Turk, and we piously proclaim that we are fighting, not for a worthless bit of land which could be bought lock, stock and barrel for less than we are spending there each week, but to prevent the spread of an ideology among some poor ignorant natives who can neither read nor

nor write, and who have little to share with each other except their poverty. The difference between Communists and Capitalists means little to people whose only thought is "how do I get my next meal and keep my family from starving?"

A hundred years from now, when perhaps the second volume of this story may be written, it will have been proven whether our present crusade accomplished its purpose, and advanced civilization any more or any less than did the Crusades of the 12th and 13th centuries.

Once more we have digressed with comments on the world situation but we now return to the pleasant Grosse Pointe home where the boys, Edgar and Francis, sailed, swam and grew up.

There, family gatherings were held, the most notable one being the fiftieth wedding anniversary of Dr. Herman and Frances. The family all assembled for the celebration and for the taking of a group photograph, shown elsewhere in this book. Everyone of the family is included in the picture except Marie Aubert who did not marry Edwin until twelve years later, in 1912.

Alfred was founder and president of both the North Shore Timber Company and the Nipigon Transit Company, which were created for the purpose of procuring and transporting the pulpwood necessary to the existence of the Michigan Sulphite Fibre Company.

Alfred died on November 30, 1909 from injuries suffered in a fall while alighting from a streetcar about two months previously.

Frances, his wife, was lost without him. She soon sold the house and moved down to Harrison, Arkansas, to make a home for her younger son, Francis, who was then supervisor of the Arkansas National Forest. Some years later, her son was transferred to Washington to the Forest Service Headquarters as Assistant Forester in charge of Silvaculture in District No. 1 ranging from Maine to Puerto Rico and westward to Albuquerque, New Mexico. His mother moved to Washington with him and accompanied him on many of his trips. While he was away during World War I, in which he was first a Captain and later Major of Engineers, she stayed on in their

Washington apartment.

Upon her son's marriage in 1919, Frances returned to Detroit to be with her old cronies. There she lived a leisurely life, going on long drives almost every day with the chauffeur, who was devoted to her. She was over eighty years old when she finally came to Port Huron to live with her son, Francis, for a couple of years and then with Edgar, after the death of his first wife, in 1934.

She was a woman of varied experiences which taught her to take life as it comes, and two of her favorite sayings were:

"When it rains, rain is my choice" and

"There is so much good in the worst of us and so much bad in the best of us, that it ill behooves any of us to talk about the rest of us."

She took life in her stride, being friendly, cheerful, and gracious to everyone she met; making a home wherever circumstances dictated she could be of the greatest service to her husband and her children; accepting the situation as she found it and striving to make life more comfortable and livable.

She and her husband understood each other so well that on only two occasions did they have the inevitable clash. The first was when they had been married about six years and were living on 16th Street in Detroit. Alfred used to walk to work at the bank and take a nickel with him to ride home on the street car. One day, he came home and said, "You know, Fanny, as I came home on the streetcar, the streetcar driver had on a coat that I could have sworn was the mackintosh I bought in Paris in '71, fourteen years ago. Just where is that raincoat, I haven't seen it in years?"

Knowing full well that it had been hanging in a closet ever since she had been married and that it had been packed and unpacked innumerable times, Frances had given it to the Salvation Army and told him so.

At that he "blew up" more, it may be presumed, because he hadn't been consulted than over the intrinsic value of the coat, although he never threw anything away. He got up from the table, stormed into the bedroom, and started to dress in his best Prince Albert frock coat, high

hat and gold cane. Unable to find his gold cuff links - he never knew where anything in the house was kept - he angrily demanded them, saying, "I suppose you gave them away, too." And he went out, slamming the front door so hard that the rafters shook. Of course he came back in due course and there was the usual lovers reconciliation.

The other "blow up" occurred about five years later. Alfred had taken on a fire insurance agency to supplement his rather meager income as a bank clerk and thus help to pay for the house he had just built on Russel Street and to enable him to save toward his sons' education.

As usual, his wife was soon helping out, writing and delivering policies, keeping books, and finally undertaking to make out the monthly report which was a chore akin to making out an income tax return. Not only that, but she was soliciting business on his account, had written some policies about which he knew nothing, and had collected the premiums. She had it all neatly made out in her very strong, legible hand and ready for his signature. So when he sat down to the chore of making out the monthly report, he found himself forestalled and everything done.

This was going too far! "Was he just a rubber stamp, a nonentity, tied to his wife's apron strings?" his outraged masculinity demanded - and again he stormed out of the house. That night he stayed at his father's house. His mother soothed his wounded vanity and sent him home to a tearful but unrepentant wife who was willing to forgive but not to forget - after all she had only been trying to help him and was quite proud and pleased with herself and her accomplishment.

Thereafter, you may be sure, she not only made out the monthly reports but practically ran the business and became one of the foremost insurance agents in the city, always, however, in her husband's name.

He learned his lesson and rarely interfered when she was set on doing anything, saying to his sons, "Your mother is a wonderful woman. She always gets her own way and makes me believe it's my way and makes me like it."

However, he adored her; in his eyes she could do no wrong - and well she knew it - and in return she rewarded

him with a lifetime of such love and devotion as few men are ever blessed with.

Her keen business sense never left her. When she was over seventy, her elder son once asked her if she had ever seen a paper mill at Rochester, Michigan, in her frequent excursions around Detroit. She said she would try to find it. Next time she met him, she handed him a neatly written memo, giving the exact location, railroad siding, length, width and height of each building, location of power plant, kind of roof, raw material used, finished product made and the equipment used to make it.

When he was astonished, and asked how in the world she could possibly have made such a detailed and accurate survey, she answered, with a smile, "That was easy. I just drove around and then sent Ray (her chauffeur) in to ask the manager to come out to the car. What do you suppose sent you through college? We (meaning her husband and herself) weren't in the insurance business without learning how to size up an insurance risk."

When she went to Arkansas to be with her son, Francis, she set the price on the Grosse Pointe home, leaving it with a real estate agency for sale. When the purchaser telegraphed her, he was astonished that his wire was answered the same day because, dealing with a woman, he had expected a long series of negotiations while she made up her mind and changed it a half dozen times.

He didn't know Francis Weber Kiefer! When she made up her mind to do a thing, it was as good as done; wild horses couldn't stop her nor would she stand for any delay or procrastination; when she issued an order, it had to be "done here and now."

But, in spite of her iron will and determination, she was always the gracious lady, kind and considerate, beloved, and mourned by all who knew her when, nearing her 85th birthday, she finally passed on, December 24, 1937.

Chapter VIII

ARTHUR KIEFER

Arthur Egmont, the second son of Dr. Herman and Frances Kiefer, was born August 19, 1855, in Detroit. He decided to follow the profession of his elder brother, Alfred, and become an engineer. After grade school, high school and college in the United States, he took a degree in mechanical engineering at the university at Heidelberg, Germany, which was one of his father's old schools and probably the foremost scientific university in the world at that time.

While at Heidelberg, Arthur became acquainted with one of the most remarkable men of his age, Alexander Ziwet, with whom he kept up a lifetime friendship. In fact throughout their long careers, these two were more than friends - they were like brothers.

While Arthur had four brothers and a sister, he never was as close to them as they were to each other. He was a man who preferred to go his own way, which may account for the remarkable kinship he felt for Alexander Ziwet who had no family ties at all and who was no less than the grandson of Napoleon Buonoparte, Emperor of France.

It may be recalled that, during his march upon Russia, Napoleon stopped at the old Palace of the Polish Kings at Warsaw. There he met the beautiful and talented daughter of a noble family, the 18 year old Marie, Countess Walewska, who fell deeply in love with the most powerful and colorful figure in Europe. History tells us that when Napoleon was exiled to the island of Elba off the Italian coast near Pisa and forgotten by most of those to whom he had given so much, Marie went to him, with their 4 year old son, and offered to share his exile.

This son, Alexandre Florian Joseph Colonna, Count Walewska 1810-1868, became a noted French diplomat. He married a German countess who presented him with several children. The children had a German governess

who fell in love with her employer, by whom she had a son, named Alexander Ziwet, after his mother and father.

Ziwet was a small, stocky man like his grandfather, Napoleon. He had black hair brushed straight back from his forehead, a neatly trimmed black mustache, piercing black eyes, a trim erect, military figure and was of very reserved and dignified mien. He made few friends, never mentioned his past or his illustrious antecedents, had no intimates except perhaps, his college friend Arthur, and never married. Ziwet was a superb horseman and indulged almost daily in this exercise. Although he never competed in tournaments, he was one of the best skat players in the country. He used to enjoy a quiet evening of this absorbing card game with Professor Guthie, some of the faculty who had learned the game in the German universities, and a few students who felt honored at being asked to play with these experts.

Ziwet was a master of seven languages, including the difficult Chinese, and became one of the foremost mathematicians of his age, writing several books on the subject. Arthur persuaded him to come to the United States and, through his father's influence and Ziwet's own ability, secured a tutorship in mathematics for him at the University of Michigan, where he rose to a full professorship. At his death November 18, 1928, Ziwet bequeathed to Arthur his most prized possession, a pair of dueling pistols marked with the letter "N" which Napoleon had given to his father and which are still in the family's possession.

Arthur was the tallest, over six feet, and the handsomest of all the family, carrying himself very straight, erect and unbending. A man lacking in humor, he never saw the lighter side of life which he took with tremendous seriousness.

After various engineering jobs in Detroit, Arthur formed a partnership with a wealthy man from Saginaw, named Schulte. They started the Detroit Edge Tool Works, making heavy knives for the lumber and pulp and paper industries for planing mills, barkers, chippers, the heavy guillotine trimmers for cutting paper, and the like. These knives were often 5 or 6 feet long, 12 inches wide, and had edges of the finest Swedish steel, welded to a body of

softer steel or iron as a backing.

Arthur continued in this business for most of his life and, after the death of his partner, bought out the Schulte estate's interest. He made a considerable fortune but lost most of it when he sold the business and backed an ill-starred automobile venture. He regained a large portion of his money by a lucky investment in an oil well which proved to be a "gusher", only to fritter this away in succeeding investments in oil wells which produced little or were "dry holes."

Arthur married Kate Baker of Detroit who was related to the Randalls of Virginia. She was a small, dark, rather sharp-featured woman who was teaching German in the schools at the time. They had three children, Elsa who married Carl Danziger, and twin boys named Herman and Carl. Herman became an engineer, married and had two daughters, Mary Elizabeth (Marybeth) and Suzanne. Carl was killed in his early twenties in Kansas City in a streetcar accident.

Although there was little "give and take" in Arthur's character and he made life very difficult for himself because of his stern, unbending nature, he was intensely loyal to his family, particularly to the memory of his father and mother. He carefully preserved all his father's letters, poems, speeches, and data, from which Professor Florer compiled his two books - "The Revolution of 1848" and "Liberty Writings" - both of which deal principally with Dr. Kiefer's life and writings.

Arthur often surprised his brothers with gifts - for instance, he once came out to Alfred's Grosse Pointe home with a truck load of barrels, ironwork, and planking from which he built a swimming float, although no one can remember that he or his family ever made any use of it. Another time, when Alfred's boys wanted to build an ice boat, they went to him for advice on the runners, and he offered to construct all the iron work, including the tiller, in exchange for some drawings of a knife-grinding machine he wished to build, which drawings Edgar was only too happy to do, after his working hours at the shipyard.

As the oldest living son when his father died (Alfred had passed on three years previously), Arthur became

Fig. 19. Herman C. Kiefer

Fig. 20. Carl Kiefer

president of the Kiefer Land Company. He kept the books, collected and deposited the rents and looked after the farm property. He considered these affairs of the family a major responsibility which he carried out meticulously, usually the hard way for he would often walk miles to accomplish an errand when a telephone call or a letter would have served just as well.

Arthur lived longer than any of his brothers, possibly because he took better care of his health. He died on November 8, 1932, at the age of 77, after a very short illness. He was cremated and his ashes were placed in the family monument in Elmwood cemetery where also repose the ashes of Alexander Ziwet.

Chapter IX

EDWIN KIEFER

Edwin Hans was born August 28, 1860, in Port Huron. At the time, his mother was up from Detroit visiting friends, the Van Fleets, who lived on the east side of Seventh Street, in a frame house opposite the foot of Howard Street. This house was still standing until quite recently.

This third son of Herman and Frances Kiefer was the only one of their children born outside the City of Detroit. Just as he entered the world refusing to conform to the accepted order of things, so he lived his whole life, going his own way and following his own sweet will.

Prophetically, he was given the second name of Hans, after Hans Christian Andersen, an artist in another line. Edwin was the only one of the family to successfully resist his father's passion for higher education. This may possibly have been because he displayed the creative talent of an artist at a very early age, executing drawings which were far above the average schoolboy's capabilities.

After graduating from High School, he got a job with the Calvert Lithographing Company on Grand River Avenue. This concern is still doing business at that address in Detroit, headed by Frederick Huetwell who was a brother-in-law to Edgar S. Kiefer. Edwin became an expert lithographer and his father perhaps recognized his unusual talent and encouraged him to continue. We may be sure he had his mother's backing for she always looked rather indulgently upon her artist son and saw that he received a warm welcome whenever he came home. However, when Edwin came for a visit, he preferred to stay with his brother, Guy, who loved company - and Edwin was good company, with his witticisms, jolly chuckle, and clever mimicry of the foibles of all the family.

He, like his brothers, was a big, handsome fellow who wore a close-clipped mustache above a broad, generous mouth. He had small, blue twinkling eyes which gave

one the idea that he was always laughing - whether "with you or at you" one never was quite sure.

Having mastered the art of line and composition, Edwin next went to New York where he studied color. To support himself, he began making watercolor "drawings", as they were called, mostly of women's heads. He was so successful that his pictures were soon in demand for magazine covers as his women were dashing, gay, and eye-arresting which was what the magazine publishers wanted. One of the family treasures is a photograph of one of these pictures, which so closely resembles the girl he later chose for a model and eventually married that she might well have sat for it.

After he had achieved an enviable reputation in New York as a watercolor artist, Edwin decided this was not good enough and that no man could really be called an artist, or gain lasting fame, whose medium was not oil. Accordingly, he left the field in which he was doing so well and went to Paris again to study under the masters of French art, hoping thus to gain lasting, world-wide renown, not merely local fame. Living on the left bank among a colony of artists, he soon picked up and spoke excellent French as well as German and his native English, and was always a welcome guest - "hail fellow, well met" as long as no one got too familiar. Like his brothers, he disliked nicknames (they were never called "Al" or "Ed") and he was "Edwin" to the family and to all his friends.

He loved the carefree life of the artist colony in Paris which ideally suited his temperament and when he became more proficient in oils and was again earning his own way, he rented a studio at Etaple on the Brittainy coast, where he spent most of his summers.

There he met Marie Aubert, the daughter of a fishing captain whose family had followed the sea for untold generations. She soon became his model and in 1912 they were married, in New York.

Another fishing captain, one of her ancestors, Captain Thomas Aubert, together with John Denys of Houfleur, discovered land westward of the fishing grounds off Nova Scotia, in 1508, and landing, called it Cape

Breton. Thomas Aubert was probably one of the first white men, since the Vikings five hundred years earlier, to set foot on the mainland of North America, for he reached it only five years after Columbus had found Central America on his fourth voyage, and John Cabot had discovered Newfoundland, in 1497. He, however, was interested only in good fishing and was not concerned with exploration, discoveries, gold nor furs. So, he set sail again after duly noting it in his log, as is the custom of sea men. They are, after all, quite a matter-of-fact clan, little concerned by the greedy grab for material wealth and power which predominantly characterizes the land-bound population. They love the good, clean sea which, treating all her children impartially, sometimes with bright, sparkling waves, spreads her white lace shawls on blue velvet draperies, and sometimes, in not so merry or coquettish a mood, raises her big, angry combers with their hissing crests to warn her children that they must seek shelter or heave to, not daring to treat her lightly but with awe, respect - even fear - and humbly bow to her, the greatest and most majestic of all God's works.

Marie Aubert had a spirit which matched Edwin's own, bequeathed to her by her seafaring ancestors, and the regime and appointments of their household followed their whims. Meals, consisting of whatever was handiest, were at all hours; both dressed, or half dressed, as they pleased. They were like children, as happy in a back-room flat in New York as in the best, staid, respectable hostelry in Detroit - perhaps happier, for in the latter they felt they must follow the conventions and "not disgrace the family."

A few of the numerous pictures which Edwin painted are in the possession of various members of the family. Perhaps his best and most notable is one called "The Letter" which is a full-length portrait of a beautiful, dark-eyed young woman, dressed in a red blouse with the puffed sleeves of the day. This painting won a prize in the Paris salon in 1890 and is now with the collection of other oil portraits of the family. It is really a very striking work of art and shows Marie Aubert at her very best.

Edwin came home occasionally and on one such visit he offered to relieve his father of the task of bottling the

wine, an annual chore, lasting all day. The wine had been sent from Germany and when it was properly aged and settled from its long sea voyage, and at just the right stage of the moon, it was siphoned from the barrels and put into bottles which were duly marked with the name of the vineyard and the year of its pressing. This had always been quite a solemn job, but Edwin showed his young nephew, Edgar, who was his grandfather's helper each year, that it need not necessarily be so. In fact, it was quite the opposite when liberally spiced with "one for the pot and two for the throat" and good songs ringing clear. Withal they had such a good time that it didn't seem a chore at all and it was with regret that the pleasant task was finished. Possibly the old gentleman wondered why the number of bottles fell so far short of the usual amount - or perhaps, being a first class trencherman himself, he could make a very good guess.

One year, one of Edwin's artist friends was coming to America and Edwin suggested that he call on his father. Telling his friend that his father would probably offer him a cigar, he admonished him that if he accepted and smoked it, he was to be careful "for Heaven's sake" where he put the match and under no circumstances throw it on the floor or in the wastebasket.

The artist friend held the match in his fingers for quite a while and finally, fed up with the whole business, put the thing in his pocket. Months later, Edwin came to Detroit and asked his father how he liked his pal. His father answered, "Oh so-so, but I'm still wondering what became of the match and where he put it."

It was during this visit home that Edwin was commissioned to paint the portrait of his father which hangs in the faculty room of the Medical School at the University of Michigan, which is the best likeness made of Dr. Kiefer in his later years. As neither father nor son were particularly gifted with patience, it can be easily imagined what an ordeal this became, as is depicted in a cartoon drawn by Edwin and shown elsewhere in this book.

However, the old doctor enjoyed Edwin's infrequent visits more than those of any of his other sons, largely perhaps, because Edwin knew Europe so well and refused

to take world politics seriously. Indeed, the forty-three years of peace (with the exception of the Boer, Russian-Japanese, and Spanish wars) between the Franco-Prussian War of 1871 and the World War of 1914 gave the world its longest time of peace and security since the Pax Romana of the Roman empire, and permitted - yes, encouraged - the greatest development of liberal arts, education and general welfare that the world has ever seen in so short a time.

Edwin lived in Paris most of his adult life. His wife, after the French fashion, handled the funds he gave her with the utmost frugality, while he banked the rest with a trust company in Detroit, with the result that he left her a considerable fortune. Knowing, however, that French law has many quirks and twists, he was careful not only to bring Marie to New York to be married, but to hasten to Detroit when he was told he had a fatal illness, from which he died April 24, 1931, in his 70th year, just two days after he reached his haven.

No sketch of Edwin's life would be complete without showing his genial acceptance of the world as he found it. He refused to worry or to be bothered by business, politics or religion, saying, "I don't know anything about any of them, couldn't change them if I would, so why worry?"

He would liven up any family gathering with his chuckle and his mischievous smile. He gaily refused to accept any responsibility, either for the family fortunes or his own, saying it was better done by those who liked to do those things and could profit by them.

Edwin loved to mimic the serious mien of a man of affairs or he would strike a Napoleonic attitude and, in mock seriousness, propound or debate some question of the hour until, his take-off being so perfect, he had everyone laughing. Then he would turn boy again and, with his engaging and winning smile, would ask if the laborer were not worthy of his hire, and demand a generous filling of the cup from the flowing bowl.

His wife, Marie, was equally adept at turning a dull family affair into quite a rollicking party and it took no more than a red scarf to make her into a flaming Carmen or a gay Parisienne, singing all the latest topical French

Fig. 21. Edwin H. Kiefer

Fig. 22. Mrs. Edwin H. Kiefer

songs, with the whole family joining heartily in the chorus. She had, probably more than any other person you would meet in a lifetime, the true "joie aux vie" or joy of life. Everything she did, she did with zest and relish. She enjoyed everything life had to offer whether it was an ordinary lunch or a superb dinner such as only the French can serve; whether it was a walk up the Bois de Boulange in spring, when nature is in its most tempting mood, or a "Mi-Careme" fancy dress ball at the Opera House, when all Paris turns out to make a night of it.

At this masquerade, are seen costumes of every age and clime from the most elaborately bedecked Suleiman, The Magnificent, blazing with jewels from turban to pointed shoes, to Hercules, stark-naked except for a lion skin thrown carelessly over one shoulder; from Madame de Pompadour with white hair piled high, to some Greek goddess whose wardrobe afforded the merest wisp of covering. Seven bands stationed in various parts of that enormous building - in the boxes, in the foyer, on the landings - turn the whole building into a revelry. The entire orchestra seating space is covered by a dance floor and thousands of people mill about, drinking champagne or what-have-you and eating midnight lunches from sandwiches to roast pheasant. As everyone is masked, even those in evening dress, nobody knows anybody or, conversely, everyone knows everyone else, so all formalities are dropped for the evening, all are out for a good time and a spirit of adventure and gaiety, unequalled in the whole world predominates.

Edwin died in Detroit April 24, 1931, leaving to his faithful wife, Marie, a life interest in the Kiefer Land Company, to be distributed, at her death, equally among the nine living nieces and nephews, children of his brothers and sister. The remainder of his considerable fortune went outright to the woman who had shared his joys and sorrows for the nineteen years of their married life. However, the French government attempted to step in and claim eighty percent of it on the theory that as Marie had never legally renounced her French citizenship, had not been married in France nor even had her marriage certificate visaed by the French consul in New York, pay-

ing the attendant fees, she was a French woman, utterly unrelated to Edwin H. Kiefer. Of course, the claim was ridiculous and never came to trial because, in spite of his pretended ignorance of legal and business procedure, Edwin had been wise enough to keep his fortune safely in the hands of a trust company in Detroit where the French government could not touch it, for one of his axioms was "never trust a Frenchman."

After Edwin's death, Marie returned to Paris, where she continued to live quite simply. She suffered the hardships of the siege and occupation of France by the Germans but lived to see the American troops march victoriously down the Champs Elysees to the Place d'Ecole.

Chapter X

EDGAR KIEFER

No greater contrast could be found, particularly among brothers, than between Arthur Egmont and his brother Edgar Siegfried, who was born October 1, 1862. Arthur was named after King Arthur and Count Egmont, the hero with William of Orange in the establishment of the Dutch Republic; while Edgar was named for one of the Danish Kings of England and the legendary German hero of the Valkyrie, Siegfried. Both were named for heroes, but there all resemblance ended for they were utterly unlike in both looks and character.

Arthur was tall, stately, and dignified, slow of speech and action, very easily offended, while Edgar was half a foot shorter, heavy-set, with scarcely any neck and a round head set squarely on two broad shoulders, quick of speech and action with a twinkle in his eye, a joke on his lips and a song in his heart.

Edgar was a hustler who believed in getting things done now; in extending a helping hand on the spur of the moment when it was needed; and who was generous to a fault. He was considered a shrewd business man but would have been called a gambler had he been less fortunate because he accumulated his large fortune mainly by guessing right more often than he guessed wrong. Edgar was never above taking a chance but he usually knew what odds he was facing, for and against. He had no fear of god, man, devil or beast, and went his own way, caring little for anyone's opinion of him or of his actions. He was always ready at the drop of a hat for a fight or a frolic, whichever seemed to offer the most amusement at the moment.

He, like Alfred, wanted to break away from his father's strict discipline and as soon as he was old enough got a job with the leading tanner of the city Traugott Schmidt, whose large tanneries were situated on the south

east corner of Monroe (then Croghan Street) and Randolph. Schmidt also owned the property facing Dr. Kiefer's residence, on the opposite side of Library Avenue, which property is still in the hands of his descendants and forms part of the Crowley-Milner store.

The work suited Edgar, for he was strong as a young bull and gloried in beating the plodding workmen at their own game. Soon, he was proving himself to be of more value to Traugott Schmidt than were his own sons, who, having a wealthy father, were not inclined to exert themselves. So, before long, Traugott took notice of this young fellow who had brains as well as brawn and sent him out as a wool and hide buyer.

But, when Dr. Herman found out that his son was working in a tan yard, carrying greasy, bloody hides and smelling like a slaughter house, he was outraged, declaring such laborer's work was unfit for an educated man and insisting that Edgar give it up. Edgar was not of age so had no choice but to do as his father demanded, although he begged to be allowed to take this chance now open to him, declaring that he had all the education he needed to make a success. However, he positively refused to waste time studying Greek, Latin, and the humanities, perhaps sensing that he was much more of a humanitarian than his father despite the latter's passionately held theories for the betterment of the human race. As there were no American universities which taught tanning, a compromise was finally reached and Edgar agreed to go to Vienna and enter a trade school which taught the chemistry and theory of tanning, in the best European tradition. Accordingly, he was shipped off to a foreign land where he could at least benefit by his fluent command of German and where he had the consolation of finding himself in the gayest and most pleasure-loving capital in all Europe. You may be sure he took full measure of these advantages as would any young man who had plenty of money and a roving eye, who was an excellent dancer and was always ready for a song and a good time.

Edgar never took his studies in the tannery school very seriously because he already knew, by practical experience, more than most of his teachers. But, as he said,

his education along more agreeable lines was by no means neglected and as he had to put in a couple of years, he saw no point in wasting them completely. He returned to America, a valiant trencherman who was well acquainted with the wines, food (which he loved), and the many other pleasures Europe could offer to those with the money to enjoy them. On his return, his father told him that by Edgar's own wish his education was complete and he could now make his own way.

He immediately applied to his former employer, Traugott Schmidt, who, feeling affronted that Dr. Kiefer had not considered his trade, art and profession good enough for his high-born son, suggested that Edgar let his father provide suitable employment for the young gentleman.

So that was that, and Edgar tramped the streets, looking for a job but these were the bitter days of the depression which followed the boom at the end of the Civil War, and jobs were scarce. He finally located a bookkeeping position at the Wayne County Savings Bank and, without his father's knowledge or influence started in to learn bookkeeping. As he said, this didn't hurt him - in fact, it stood him in good stead when he later established his own business.

While he was there, his brother, Alfred, returned from the West and Edgar was able to give him a "leg up" to get a job in the bank.

However, he soon tired of the dull routine of bookkeeping in that dark, gloomy building where a smile was seldom seen and a song or a drink was anathema. So when he saw a chance to open a little cigar store on Michigan Avenue, he eagerly seized the opportunity to leave the stuffy and deadening atmosphere of the bank, so antagonistic to his carefree nature. In business for himself, he could meet customers, be the good fellow he had always been, talk about all the sports in which he was interested - live the "alive" kind of life which his character demanded. There was also another compelling reason for his attempt to establish himself. He was in love with Wilhelmina Kalkbrenner and wanted to get married - which he did a short time later.

The wedding, you may be sure, was no staid, solemn, dry affair to judge by the manner in which he was wont to celebrate his anniversaries. So it was quite typical of Edgar that after he and Wilhelmina had boarded the Wolverine for New York, he fell in with some kindred spirits who were only too willing to help him celebrate the happy event. He wandered from his car to another one in a different section of the train which split at Albany, landing him in Boston where he found himself the next morning sans baggage, and sans bride. His bride woke up to find herself in New York bereft of husband, in a strange city without money, with no idea where to go and not knowing what had become of her new husband who had promised a few hours before to love, cherish, protect and keep her, in sickness and in health. Of course, through the kind auspices of the railroad and telegraph companies, they were united and "lived happily ever after."

Minnie was a careful and hard-working woman, frugal and conscientious. She never wasted money and not only stood by her husband through thick and thin, but saw that he always had a comfortable home to which he could return after the day's strenuous labor - strenuous because Edgar never did anything by halves and worked, as he played, with all his heart and soul.

To this union were born two children, Cora, the elder and Clay who was named after Henry Clay, the great American statesman who so nearly became President. Clay was killed at only nine years of age when he was run over by a streetcar while on his way to school. Cora married Irving M. Orr and had three children, Betty, Mary Jane, and Edgar, named for his grandfather.

Shortly after his marriage, Edgar turned to his first love, tanning. He and his brother-in-law, Albert Fecht, established a partnership and formed the Edgar S. Kiefer Tanning Company, in Grand Rapids. Edgar had some help in this venture from his brother, Alfred, by way of a loan which he duly repaid.

Edgar and Minnie lived in a little frame house near the tannery and, to use Edgar's own words, he "worked like a slave" to get the business established, while Fecht bought hides and wool and sold the product. For some

Fig. 23. Painting the Doctor's Picture

Fig. 24. Edgar S. Kiefer

years, it was "tough going" in a highly competitive and speculative business but his hard work and natural business acumen, coupled with his ability to make instant decisions and take advantage of widely fluctuating markets, eventually brought their reward. He bought his partner's share of the business but he and Fecht remained the best of friends.

Then the death of his only son came as a terrible blow and both he and his wife wanted to get as far away as possible from everything that reminded them of the child. Edgar put a competent manager in charge of the tannery and they moved to Chicago where he formed a partnership with a man named Dahm and opened a wholesale leather jobbing house which handled not only the products of his own tannery but others.

In Chicago, Edgar was close to and in daily contact with the hide markets of that great packing center. As was his wont, he fully availed himself of this advantage and finally bought out his partner, Dahm. He then consolidated the jobbing and tannery business and when, in 1914, the news of the first World War paralyzed world markets, he immediately recognized the opportunities presented.

With courage in the face of obstacles that might have daunted a lesser man, and with foresight and faith in his country's future and ultimate victory, he bought sheep and goat skins until he was "loaded to the gills," sinking into the enterprise all the capital he could raise and knowing, as he said, that the venture would either make or break him. As he surmised, the hide market kept advancing and leather was more and more in demand. The army bought hundreds of thousands of saddles and harnesses which were never used and Edgar soon found himself a very wealthy man.

Although he then relaxed to the extent of taking occasional trips to Europe and elsewhere, he never relinquished the control and direction of his business, without which he would have been lost for, despite his liking for good living, parties, and pleasure, he was no playboy, and he engaged in no sport with which to occupy his time. Business to him was a game to be played with zest and for

keeps.

He was generous to his family and no one will ever know how much he did to help out the less fortunate, for his hand was always in his pocket and the gifts he made were promptly forgotten.

Edgar lived in a good apartment on Belmont Avenue until, thinking that Minnie was working too hard at her housework (she never would have a maid), he moved to a suite in the Edgewater Beach Hotel on Chicago's lakefront. They lived there until he died from an operation, in his 65th year, on August 19, 1927.

Although his wife, Minnie, survived him by some years, she was like a ship without a rudder, for Edgar had been her sun, moon and stars. She never could adjust herself to being without his constant companionship, advice and direction. However, she lived to be 72 years old, passing away on September 5, 1935.

Fig. 25. Mrs. Edgar S. Kiefer

Fig. 26. Cora Kiefer Orr

Chapter XI

HERMINA KIEFER

Frances Kiefer had born seven children, one girl and six boys, of whom the girl and two boys had died in infancy, when her next baby came. This child, born July 26, 1864, was a daughter who was named Hermina Cora.

The little girl grew up straight, tall and good-looking. She had her mother's natural graciousness of manner and her father's look of authority and poise. She attended the public schools and the fashionable finishing schools for young ladies of the day.

Possibly one of the things that induced Dr. Kiefer to accept the consulship to Stettin was the fact that he still had two children whose education was not complete. With his European background, he naturally believed that no one was thoroughly educated without the broadening influence of European schools and travel. And it must be admitted that American schools very often turned out students thoroughly imbued with the idea that the United States was "God's Country" and the rest of the world consisted of poor, benighted, ignorant foreigners, while quite the reverse was true. While Europeans knew as little about the United States as most Americans did of Europe, they at least had the advantage of knowing one or two languages besides their own. By the very fact that they knew the history and philosophy of their own country back to the days of the Greeks and Romans, they were more or less aware of the history and thinking of the people on the continent whose origin merged with their own. These Europeans viewed the few Americans with whom they occasionally came in contact as backwoods yokels who appeared to be so full of their own importance as to be slightly ridiculous. The Doctor was keenly aware of these defects which he determined to counteract in his children with as liberal and broad an education as possible. He therefore decided to accept the diplomatic post offered to

him and thus repay, in part, the debt he felt he owed to the country which had not only given him asylum when he was driven from his own, and so richly rewarded him in material ways, but had allowed him to freely express and put into practice the liberal, advanced, and often radical ideas which he held both politically and professionally.

Hermina's father had taken as his assistant, a young Alsatian doctor and although he was nine years older than Minnie (as she was always called) the young people, naturally, saw a great deal of each other. Having found his assistant to be a very painstaking, conscientious young man of excellent family, upbringing, and education, Dr. Kiefer turned his practice over to this young doctor and betook himself with his wife and two youngest children, Minnie and Guy, to the cultured environment of Europe. While he was busy writing consular reports, as already noted, the two children, under the able guidance of their mother, attended the best schools and traveled about the various European countries where they obtained a much more liberal education than would have been possible in America.

When they returned, Minnie was twenty-one years old and in the first bloom of her young womanhood. Poised, sure of herself, and much more serious-minded than the boys and girls she had left behind in the frontier town of her birth, it was natural for her to be attracted to the young doctor who had taken over her father's practice and with whom she shared the same background. So on December 26, 1885, she and Dr. Carl Bonning were married at the Montcalm Street house in Detroit.

After a brief honeymoon, they settled down to the practice of medicine in Detroit. The young man was already well established as most of the old Doctor's patients were well acquainted with him and respected the honesty and integrity with which he practiced. Quite advisedly it is said that "they" practiced medicine, for Minnie was no woman to sit idly by and expect her husband to provide an easy, luxurious living for her. She was a doctor's daughter and when she chose the role of a doctor's wife, she realized it would be no bed of roses. She well knew that her husband's profession demanded his services at all

hours of the day and night and that the sufferings of humanity could not be limited to the hours of two to four every other Tuesday. The day of the specialist had not arrived nor did medical practitioners have elaborate office buildings where white-coated assistants of both sexes catalogued the droves of patients, neatly assigned each to his or her proper niche and filed them away for future reference, then dismissed them with "that will be all today, you may call again next Tuesday at two o'clock, the charge is five dollars - thank you!"

No, it was not like that at all. With no telephones and no automobiles, everything was done by painstaking, personal contact with the doctor hurrying from patient to patient. Few called at the office, for a doctor was rarely consulted by anyone who was able to be out of bed and he was usually called at the last possible moment. Hospitals were used for only the most desperate cases of life and death; babies were born under the parental roof, in their mothers' beds and not as they are today, like nameless waifs in a spotless, stainless, laboratory as impersonal as the bottles from which the babies are fed, all of which has made the life of a doctor so much easier.

Hermina, as a doctor's wife, played her part in all this. When a messenger pounded on their door in the middle of the night and begged the doctor to come quickly before it was too late, she got up with him. Nor did she send him away on his errand of mercy without a fortifying cup of coffee, and sometimes she helped to hitch up the horse for his trip. In fact, she often drove him to his patient's home if it looked like an all night vigil, and brought the horse back to the stable so the poor beast wouldn't freeze in a winter blizzard, then went back to call for the doctor in the morning.

As the Doctor's practice grew, he built the very good, substantial, brick and brownstone house which still stands on the north side of Vernor Highway (then High Street), between John R and Brush Streets.

Neither Dr. Bonning nor his wife ever spared themselves in carrying out what they considered to be their allotted fate. As the years rolled by, the horse and buggy was replaced by an electric automobile, a telephone was

installed which saved many trips, and the Doctor continued his busy life until one day he felt his heart giving out. Carefully (he was always careful in speech and action), he drove to the curb and shut off the motor - then he fainted - and was found collapsed behind the steering handle of the car (electrics of those days had no steering wheel). This was in 1913.

He was a wise and logical man, so prescribed for himself exactly what he would have insisted upon for one of his patients. Selling his practice, he retired and lived many more years until, on December 23, 1937, he died at the age of 82.

Dr. Bonning was known as a coldly logical man, entirely lacking in sentiment. Yet one day, when visiting the paper mill of which he became treasurer upon the death of his brother-in-law, Alfred, he roundly berated the management for paying such small wages that men had to go barefoot. He was unaware that, in those days, going barefoot was a privilege of the machine tender who worked only at the wet end of the machine, and since he was boss of the machine crew, was not required to come down where the trucks and dollies were loaded off the dry end. Going barefoot was really a proud badge of office.

After his retirement, his sister-in-law, Alfred's widow, became ill and went to consult him. He would not allow her to return home or go to a hospital but said, "Fanny, you have something very serious and it must be taken care of at once." "Then, I'll go right home," she replied. "No," he said, "you can't be properly cared for way out in the country." "Then, I'll go to a hospital." He answered, "No, no hospital will take you. This is a very serious and contagious disease, and for once in your life you'll do as you're told. You'll stay right here in the upstairs wing under my care and with proper nursing. You will be quarantined and will see no one and we'll soon have you alright again." He was as good as his word, and when she tried to thank him and pay him, he quite brusquely refused both the thanks and the pay and walked off, as was his custom for he disliked an argument and would not take part in one. He stated his position which no amount of discussion or persuasion ever changed - that was final - he

Fig. 27. Clay Kiefer

Fig. 28. Mrs. Hermine Kiefer Bonning

walked off.

He was a slightly built man, carefully dressed, with Van Dyke beard carefully trimmed, boots carefully polished. Any emotions he might ever have had, he held in rigid control, going his own way and letting others go theirs.

His wife, Minnie, like her mother, had a much more warm-hearted nature and was a great favorite with her large circle of friends. She liked life and living and good coffee and coffee cake. Her brothers were always sure of a sympathetic ear, particularly after the death of their father who spent his last years with his daughter, Minnie, for he sold his house shortly after his wife's death.

Hermine lived at the Cass Avenue apartment with her daughter Hertha for a good many years after her husband's retirement, usually going north to upper Michigan resorts in summer and to California or Florida in the winter. Sometimes, with her sister-in-law, Fanny, and Fanny's sister, Emma, she took long automobile touring trips to the White Mountains or to the wilds of Minnesota. Neither distance nor inconvenience held any terrors for these women who had traveled all their lives and who were brought up under frontier conditions. All being about the same age and having known each other from girlhood, they made interesting pilgrimages to points of interest and, to hear them tell it, they always had the most extraordinary adventures.

Hermina and Dr. Bonning had two daughters, Irma and Hertha, born in 1887 and 1890 respectively. Their father said he didn't propose to have others nicknaming his children so, characteristically, he chose names for which there were no nicknames - no Minnies or Fannies for him. Irma graduated from Wellesley College and married Richard H. Marr, who later was the architect of the Kiefer Building. They had two children, Carl B., named after his grandfather and Margaret, whose stories belong in a later volume. Hertha also graduated from Wellesley College, taught in a private school for a short time, is a clubwoman who has traveled extensively both in the United States and abroad and now lives at the Statler Hotel in Detroit.

Chapter XII

AUNT JO'S STORY OF THE GUY L. KIEFER FAMILY

Aunt Jo is the oldest living member of the family and this is her own story of the Guy L. Kiefers.

It starts back in 1884 when Guy came to Ann Arbor to enter the University of Michigan and joined the Delta Tau Deltas, one of the college fraternities. Then, as now, the boys got to talking about girls, especially the pretty ones, and they mentioned one in particular whom they knew, and who was more of a hellion than most, Josie Henion by name. Being a believer in direct action, young Guy of course wanted to meet her and the boys told him that he would in due course, as someone always brought her to the Delta Tau parties. "Bet I meet her in twenty-four hours," said Guy; and "You're on" from Kirk Eddie settled it.

Now you might as well know that the Kiefers are no church-goers, Guy's father having been excommunicated thirty-six years previously for his leadership in the so-called 'student and peasant revolution' in 1848 in Baden, Germany, from whence he came.

Nevertheless, Guy decided this was just the Sunday he had to go to church with the boys because on the way they would pass Aunt Nettie's (Henrietta Jenkins) house where there was always a welcome with coffee and doughnuts from the warm-hearted woman. Aunt Nettie was staying in Ann Arbor until her husband, Carl, could locate a home for her in Toledo. He had recently been transferred to that city from Port Huron by the Pere Marquette railroad. Of course there was poor little orphan Josie to be taken care of, although she was quite able not only to take care of herself, but of as many as she could gather around, for Josie had cooked and taken care of her father from the time of her grandmother Maynard's death when she was nine.

"Well," relates Aunt Jo, "on this particular Sunday

morning, when the boys came tramping up to the back door looking for coffee and doughnuts, there I was helping Aunt Nettie put up the big base burner in the living room. She was holding up the stove while I was fitting the legs to it, so she just yelled 'come in' and in they trooped like a bunch of calves after a pail of milk.

"Well, you see, in setting up the stove, Aunt Nettie, or maybe it was me, had knocked down the stovepipe and the soot was all over me and if there ever was a sight, I was one, in a calico wrapper, with my hair stringing down my back, my face and hands all covered with soot. In came the boys I knew, towing a good-looking new boy from Detroit whose name I didn't catch at the time but whom they called Guy.

"I told them to get right out and stay out but Aunt Nettie's eyes were twinkling when the Kiefer boy put his arms under my shoulders, pulled me to my feet and proceeded to set up the stove - and as far as I know that's the only time I've ever caught him doing manual labor for the rest of his born days.

"Well, of course they got their coffee and doughnuts and Aunt Nettie and I got dressed and we went to church. I thought this Guy Kiefer was a nice, proper, young man and that butter wouldn't melt in his mouth but I soon found out different.

"Of course I loved horses and had been brought up with a whole stableful at Grandma Maynard's and could ride anything on four legs, bareback or otherwise, but this city kid knew all the circus tricks, as he used to go over to the Grand Circus lot (as it was called in those days) at the edge of town, just three long blocks from his father's house on the north-east corner of Library and Gratiot where the twelve-story Kiefer Building, rented to the Crowley Milner Company by the family, now stands.

"Well, as I said, he'd go over every time the circus came to town and make friends with the bareback riders and then get one of his father's horses out and try the same stunts. And soon we were chasing all over the country, up the Ypsi road, over the Saline triangle and down to the old Tamarack swamps where grandfather used to pasture his horses and we didn't need any auto-

mobiles (they weren't invented for another twenty-five years) to get off by ourselves.

"You see, while I'd always been able to ride, I guess I learned more than ever when my Uncle Henry brought home a carload of wild mustangs from the prairies. He'd been on a cattle buying trip out west somewhere and had picked up a carload of wild ponies for a few dollars apiece and had them shipped to Ann Arbor.

"When my father, Aaron, saw them, he said, 'What in the world are you going to do with them?' and Henry said, 'They'll make good riding horses when they are broken in.' My father asked, 'Who's to break them in?' and Henry answered, 'Why - you and Josie and I'll give you half of anything you sell them for.'

"So it was kind of a sporting proposition and father liked to take a chance, as do all poker players, although he'd never let me learn to play poker - said I was enough of a tomboy as it was, next thing I'd be wearing pants - in which case I'd have been about fifty years ahead of the times.

"Well, at any rate, early in the morning, at the noon hour, and after school, we'd catch a pony in the big pasture back of the house on Main Street, which is now the Elks Temple in Ann Arbor. We'd get a bridle on him and lead him around in a circle and then after a while father would put a belly band or a surcingle on him and I'd make a run and jump on his back. Then the pony would rear up on his hind legs and father would take a short hold of the halter rope and pull him down and lead him around in a circle with the pony prancing all around, bucking and rearing and generally trying to throw me and sometimes he did, so father thought I ought to have something out of it and he promised me the pick of the ponies and I got a beautiful brown pony with white markings - the prettiest thing I'd ever seen.

"Course they didn't have rodeos and wild west shows then but we had one every afternoon when the kids from school would come and sit on the fence and I guess I was just as wild as the ponies because Grandmother would take a look from the back porch and holler, 'Aaron - Aaron are you trying to kill that girl?' - and she trying so

hard to make a lady out of me, poor dear.

"Well, those were lively days for us in Ann Arbor while Guy Kiefer and his college friends were getting their education. Guy graduated in 1891, after completing his medical course, and then went to Europe to study in Berlin, Vienna and Heidelberg, his father's old college. He returned about the first of the year in 1893 and we were married on May 2nd.

"While Guy was in Europe, I stayed with his sister, Hermine, who was Mrs. Dr. Carl Bonning, where all I had to do was drive the doctor around seeing I was so used to horses, help Minnie look after her babies, Irma and Hertha, who were sweet little girls, and take care of the Doctor's office. As a good many of his patients were Germans, I soon learned to say, 'Der Herr Doctor kompt balt' which means 'the doctor will soon be back.' So I got my basic training in German of which I had only a smattering from the time my father sent me to a German Lutheran Sunday school during one summer - to keep me from riding horses all the time, I expect. I thought it was great fun to play with the Dutchtown kids and I learned to write my catechism in German script which sure is fearful and wonderful. But inasmuch as I hadn't learned to write it in English script as yet I was somewhat at a loss when I went back to public school in the fall.

" My teacher took my father to task and said, 'I don't know what I'm going to do with Josie; she can't write English and she gets it all mixed up with German letters so nobody can read a word of it and it's going to take years to get it out of her system.'

"But father was all for a liberal education and I guess anything I ever learned always came in handy - particularly when I came to marry into a German family.

"When we married, we moved into the downstairs apartment of a little house on Montcalm Street, which even then wasn't the best part of Detroit to say the least, and Guy hung out his shingle and waited for his first patient. You see, while he was in Europe his father had given up his practice and turned it over to his son-in-law, Dr. Carl Bonning, so there wasn't anything for Guy to do but start from scratch. One night when we were sitting

there wondering where our next meal was coming from, Dr. Schulte drove up, jumped out, and called Guy out and told him he wanted him to come with him right away. When Guy asked him why , he said, 'Have you ever seen a smallpox patient?' and before Guy could answer he said, 'Well, you're going to see one right now.' When Guy wanted to know how long it would take, Dr. Schulte said, 'till four in the morning.' Guy naturally didn't want to leave me all alone all night in that neighborhood and said he'd have to see his wife. Dr. Schulte told him, 'If you've got a wife, all the more reason to hurry up as you've got to support two now and if you're worth your salt and know half as much as you should with all the schooling you've had in Europe and all, you'd better hustle.' Guy told me about it and I told him of course to go, that I wasn't afraid of anything and I guess I never have been. The upshot of it was that Dr. Schulte liked him so well that he took him down to the Health Department and made him an assistant health officer, with hours from 8 p.m. to 4 a.m. each night seven nights in the week. While it curtailed our social activities considerably, it gave him time for his own practice in the daytime and eventually lead to what was to be his life work - public health.

"Once when I was alone, a man came pounding on our door pretty late at night, so I got up, slipped on a dressing gown and asked him what he wanted. He said, 'I want a doctor and I want him quick; my little girl is awful sick.' I said the doctor wasn't in and he said, 'You're a damn liar.' This made me so mad, I just pulled him inside and said, 'Now you can see for yourself that neither the doctor nor anyone else is here and I want you to take that back and do it quick.' He was so taken back to be talked to like that by a woman that he explained he had been to three doctors' houses and in each case they told him that the doctor wasn't in and he didn't believe it and was nearly frantic because his little girl had eaten something that had poisoned her and he was at his wits' end.

"All right,' I said, 'I'll get you a doctor if you promise never to speak to a doctor's wife like that again. Of course he promised - he would have promised anything on earth right then - so I took him around the corner about

three doors away where another young doctor had just moved in who had called on Guy who said he was all right. That doctor was Dr. James Ames, who had just graduated from Howard University at Washington and was engaged to marry a very nice girl from one of our best colored families.

"The man was surprised when he saw the colored doctor, who went with him at once and cured the little girl whose father couldn't do enough for the doctor after that. Dr. Ames was equally grateful to me for giving him his first patient. He later became one of the best doctors in the city and afterward served with distinction on the board of health after Guy became City Health Officer.

"This didn't hurt Guy either politically or professionally. I've always been thankful the man who came that night looking for a doctor wasn't drunk, but I'm rather glad that he swore at me because,' said Aunt Jo, with a twinkle in her bright old eyes, 'maybe I wouldn't have gotten so mad and just made up my mind there was one man I was going to make eat his words if I never did another thing.'

"About the time that all happened, one of the prominent doctors of the time, who was getting old, decided to sell his house and practice and was asking about two thousand dollars for it. Gracious the lot, on the southwest corner of Broadway and Gratiot Avenue, was worth that alone, to say nothing of a good house and a doctor's office and practice, but we didn't have the money and when Guy went to his father to see if he could borrow it, the old gentleman discouraged it, which maybe was a good thing, too, as Guy might have become only another Detroit doctor, instead of the State and national figure he afterward became in public health.

"We moved up to St. Aubin Avenue after a while, where we had a nice brick house. It was a couple of miles away from the center of town but the babies, Edwina and Hermine, came and we were happy and getting along all right.

"We had lots of friends and we'd get in a couple of cases of beer or an eighth or a quarter and with pretzels and cheese and rye bread we used to have grand parties -

so much so that the police on the beat would look in to see what was going on and wind up by joining in the fun. When the boys would get tired of bringing up the beer from the cellar, they'd adjourn to the cellar and finish off what was left. Guy had the family capacity of holding his own with anyone who came along; prohibition hadn't been heard of in those days and to be a good trencherman was simply upholding the family honor.

"Guy became County Health Officer and later City Health Officer and we moved into a better neighborhood up on John R near Canfield. There we had a nice three-story brick house and had a medical student in lodgings on the third floor. One night I heard a noise in the house and couldn't make out what it was. Edwina was away and Hermine had the front room and I knew she had gone to bed hours ago. Guy was asleep and sleeping as he always did - dead to the world - when I decided the noise must be right in the room. So I got up quietly and started to investigate, and as I came around the foot of the bed, I bumped right into a man who was going through my purse on the dresser.

"That made me mad so I just grabbed him and called to Guy to wake up, but he, big lummox, kept peacefully snoring away although I made enough noise to wake the dead.

"I yelled to the medical student to come and help me 'there was a man in our room' but he was no help either. Finally the man broke away from me by slipping out of his coat and ran down the backstairs . He took Guy's brand new overcoat with him and I could have scratched his eyes out," and old Aunt Jo's voice rose with the excitement of it, and there was no doubt 'that the female of the species is more deadly than the male'. "I ran to the telephone and called the Bethune Police Station and they immediately got busy.

"So by the time I got some clothes on and got Guy out of bed and the student awakened, there was a rap on the door and there stood two police officers with a skinny little Jew between them. 'Is this the man, Mrs. Kiefer?' they asked. 'How do I know', I said, 'I never saw him in the dark.' but would you believe it, he had on Guy's overcoat and no coat of his own. I didn't think it was a fair ex-

Fig. 29. Dr. Carl Bonning

Fig. 30. Irma Bonning Marr

change at all because Guy's coat cost all of fifty dollars and the Jew's old bag wasn't worth five.

" 'What I want, ' I said, 'is my Christmas money' - I'd just gone down to the bank the day before to get the money to buy all my Christmas presents and he took not only the money but the purse as well and it was a present from Guy and I valued it more than the money. So they went away but were back again shortly; they had found the purse where he had thrown it into a front yard and they also had some bills he had thrown away under a tree when he thought they were after him. I counted the money and would you believe it, it was all there, and after thanking them I said, 'How about the change?' - there had been considerable change in the purse too. 'Well, ' said the big Irishman, 'we've got your man, we've got your purse, we've got your bills and your husband's coat - don't you think we've done enough without having to search every inch of some two blocks at night for your nickels and dimes?'

"Looking at it that way, I thought they were right, so I got some beer and sandwiches out and of course by that time my brave Guy was wide awake and perfectly able to put away his share of the beer and sandwiches.

"Before they left, however, they scared the life out of me by saying that I'd have to appear in court the following morning to identify the man. My knees just felt weak and I told Guy he'd have to do it as I just couldn't go through with it.

" 'However it turned out all right, ' she said happily, 'because he had found a receipt for my rings which I had left with Rolshoven to be cleaned and he had pinned this to his undershirt thinking he could get away with it. So when the police traced the receipt by the number with the jeweler and found it belonged to me it made the identification perfect and I didn't have to go - I never felt so grateful for anything in my life'

"The girls were growing up and going to school - Edwina was two years older than Hermine and was a spunky little thing, doing pretty much as she pleased - and she hasn't changed much as she's grown older, " Aunt Jo said dryly, "but Hermine was sweet and docile

and easy to bring up and she minded well.

"After they got through High School, Edwina went to Liggetts School for girls while Hermine went to Penn Hall in Pennsylvania. Hermine trained for a nurse at Harper Hospital after she graduated. Later she was a nurse at Ford Hospital which was a military hospital for veterans right after World War I and there she met her future husband, Duval Lawrie who had come back from the war suffering from shell-shock and pneumonia.

"Both girls grew up to be very pretty and had plenty of beaus as Guy knew about everybody in town by this time and was very popular. And, of course, I gave little parties for them as I well can remember my own first party. It was in Port Huron, where I was spending the summer with Aunt Nettie Jenkins whose husband was a railroad man and was stationed there at the time. They were living at 1320 Seventh Street in the frame house which is still standing and has been occupied by the Dick Minnies for so many years.

"Right across the street, between Union and Chestnut on the west side, were the houses belonging to the Sanborns, a family that was quite prominent at that time. The big house on the Southwest corner of Union and Seventh, now known as the Clarendon Apartments, was where the party was held and there were several boys in the family, Fred, and George and some others. Of course, I wasn't allowed to go across the street alone or with a boy although I was playing all over the block with them every day. But Auntie took me in my best bib and tucker and we danced and had ice cream and cake and it was quite a wonderful party, but one thing puzzled me and I spoke to Auntie about it after I got home. You see the Sanborns were supposed to be quite well-off, but instead of a carpet on the floor like I was used to they had only a piece of white canvas. Auntie explained that was laid down only at dancing parties to save the carpets underneath and was used by the very best families. But it made an impression on me that I'll never forget and taught me not to judge by first appearances.

"The middle house in the block was the Graves home - Lettie married the Meisel boy who went into advertising and made good. I see that this place is now the parish

house of St. Joseph's Church which stands on the south corner of the block. Then across the street on the north-west corner of Union and Seventh, there was a girl by the name of Sebe Davidson who is still living. The Philbricks have moved away and the Walshes have too - although when I was a little girl there was only Joe, the rest of them were just babies or hadn't been born yet and they grew up to be Port Huron's most prominent institution.

"We lived on John R Street in Detroit for quite a while, until we bought the house at 928 Virginia Park where we lived until Guy had to move to Lansing and became State Health Officer," Aunt Jo continued. "While we lived there Grandma Kiefer,. Guy's mother, died in 1909 and left his father living there all alone in that big house at 89 Forest Avenue, East. Grandfather wanted some of his sons or his daughter to live with him but I guess they all knew him too well and all declined even if it was to be rent free and all, but as I said I guess I was born or brought up not to be afraid of anything and so I said I'd tackle it and found it to be the toughest assignment I'd ever had.

"Grandfather was about 84 at the time and, to say the least, rather set in his ways. Everything had to be done just so and exactly the way Grandmother had done for so many years, which of course I knew nothing about. After I got the children off to school and Guy to the office, Grandfather would come down to breakfast and expect me to sit down and have another cup of coffee with him. This would last until about eleven o'clock and I didn't have the heart to just leave him and go about my business as I wanted to. Then he'd wonder why this wasn't done and that wasn't attended to, the marketing and so on. But on the other hand I did learn a good deal about his life and the history of the family which I don't think anyone ever had heard as he'd sit there and reminisce in a way I don't believe he would have done to his sons or anyone else, because to his sons he was hard, dictatorial and unbending, making them 'stand on their own feet' and 'making men of them' and still he was always glad to see them although he would growl and grumble and do his best to conceal the fact from them.

"His oldest son, Alfred, worked in the bank which

closed at noon on Saturdays, so every Saturday Alfred would come for lunch with his father and stay with him most of the afternoon. This was a godsend for me as it gave me my only opportunity to get away. Any other time, if I'd try to go to some little social gathering or a bridge luncheon, Grandfather would develop an awful headache and be sick until I gave up the idea of going, then the headache would disappear as suddenly as it had come on. Of course for lunch on Saturday we always had to have something which Alfred especially liked and half the time Grandfather would want to see that it was prepared just so. One time, he ordered spare ribs and sauerkraut, and so to keep the spare ribs from just roasting to a crisp, I larded them with strips of bacon and then cut slices of carrots and onion on top of them and then covered them with bay leaves and browned them in the oven surrounded by the sauerkraut. They had never tasted anything like it and 'Josie's spare ribs' became quite standard in the family.

"Grandfather was equally fussy about his wine and that also had to be just so - the right kind - the right vintage - the right temperature - and the right glasses for each particular wine and so on. He had quite a wine cellar and once I volunteered to go down and get what he wanted and, after brushing off the dust and cobwebs, brought up what I thought he had asked for only to be berated for all my trouble. This made me mad and I said, in German - we all talked German to him - 'If you don't like it, you can get your own wine and I'll withdraw myself' only I used the word 'abziechnen' instead of 'ausziechen'. Well, 'ziechnen' means to draw, all right; used with 'au' it means to dress or draw on (one's clothes); with 'ab' (to take away from) it means to undress oneself; and with 'aus' it means to betake oneself elsewhere. So when I said I'd undress myself that was just too much and both Grandfather and Alfred laughed their heads off and forgot all about the wine, and I didn't know at the time what they were laughing at. Of course, Grandfather would never let any of the family laugh at my mistakes in German, as he said I deserved far more credit for trying to speak it than any of the rest of them as I was the only one in the family who hadn't learned it from infancy, except Arthur's wife,

who was Kate Baker, but she had studied German in Germany for two years and was a teacher of German and languages when Arthur married her.

"Once while we lived there, Guy wanted to give a dinner to his staff and some other doctors and his father readily agreed, provided he could furnish the wine which was all right with Guy, of course. Well, the party lasted all evening, and everyone went home feeling quite mellow as the old gentleman kept telling stories and plying them with wine. When the last guest had departed, Guy turned to his father and said, 'Well, what do you think of them?' and the old patriarch just smiled and said, 'Guy, you have very nice friends and we had a very pleasant evening but they don't know how to drink!' and the whole pantry full of empty bottles.

"Yes, Grandfather ruled not only his own household, but all of his family as well. Everyone was afraid of his fierce, eagle-eyed stare from behind his bushy eyebrows. It was Grandmother who softened his harsh judgments and many a time peace was kept in the family because of her quiet influence behind the scenes. We'd go in to greet Grandmother where she sat in her easy chair with her sewing basket beside her or her knitting in her hand and we'd ask her with somewhat bated breath, 'How's Grandfather?' and she'd smile and say, 'Oh, the old bear is growling in his den (meaning his office which was the west wing of the house) but you go in; he'll be glad to see you - his bark is worse than his bite, you know.'

"Grandmother was a big woman, strong and resolute of character, little given to personal adornment and what little jewelry she had, she very seldom wore. There used to be a picture of her which her son, Edwin, had done in oils. I don't know what became of it but the family all joked about its looking like Gilbert's painting of George Washington, so we called it 'the George Washington picture. Grandfather never liked it and had it hung in an obscure corner of the back hall.

"After Grandfather gave up practicing medicine, he moved from the old house on Library and Gratiot and rented a house on Montcalm Street while he built the big house at 89 Forest Avenue, East, which is still standing.

This was built in the style of the day, with a central hall, a front and back parlor on the right as you entered, and Grandfather's office and library just back of it on the left. I wonder if he ever read half of the books he had in that library - but then he must have because no matter what subject came up, Grandfather knew all about it and with all the periodicals and magazines he took he kept abreast of the times and the latest inventions and everything else.

"Indeed it was an age of inventions - Bell with the telephone, Morse with the telegraph, Edison with the electric light and phonograph and the cinema and everything - nobody knew what to expect next and each day - well anyway each month or year - more of Jules Verne's wonders were brought about and people spoke seriously of flying to the moon in sky rockets and I don't know what all. We were like children at Christmas time wondering what new toys we'd have to play with next year.

"About a year after Grandmother died, Grandfather closed the house and went to live with his daughter, Minnie where he finally died at the ripe old age of 86, which I thought was pretty old at that time, but here I am at eighty-three and not feeling any older than I did twenty years ago, although my arthritis does bother me some and makes it hard to get around and do things like I'd like to do.

"Guy was making quite a name for himself in public health as Health Officer of Detroit, which was growing faster than any other city in America due to the rise of the automobile industry which was centered there. This, of course, brought with it problems of sanitation and the care of a lot of people from all parts of the country and backwoods districts. Attracted by the high wages and good living in the city, they knew little or nothing of sanitation or health. Guy always believed in what he called 'preventative medicine' and he was a leader in the fight to stamp out smallpox and other diseases which used to sweep through the country, killing thousands of people, particularly those who lived in the congested areas where contagion would spread quickly. Of course he could get the school children vaccinated all right, but it was a struggle to get their parents to do it and at times he'd

rope off a part of the city, consisting of a good many city blocks and he'd quarantine the whole section and put policemen on guard and let nobody in or out who wasn't vaccinated. They didn't like it, and some would run to the courts and quote their constitutional rights, and even sue him personally, but he always stopped every epidemic in its tracks and he made Detroit one of the healthiest cities, if not the healthiest city, in the world.

"One time Guy got into a row with a very wealthy man who owned a dairy and who shipped milk into the city but refused to have it inspected. Guy couldn't let him get away with that because if he did the whole milk inspection program would fall to the ground and Guy was trying to control typhoid fever which is a milk and water borne disease. As the city police had no authority outside of city limits, Guy stationed inspectors at the city limits and had a whole truckload of this man's milk dumped into the ditch and the man sued him personally for $65,000. as he said Guy had ruined his business.

"Guy was dreadfully worried and we went out to Ann Arbor the night the trial closed and spent the night with Dean Vaughn, the head of the Medical School at the University of Michigan. If the trial had gone against him, we would have been sunk for Guy didn't know how he was going to raise that amount of money. It was a pretty anxious time for all of us and Edwina was crying but I just said I didn't care how it went - I knew he was right and I knew all of his friends would rally to his support and he'd be a bigger man than ever and there was no use borrowing trouble or crossing bridges before you came to them.

"And then the morning papers came out with great big headlines saying 'Dr. Kiefer vindicated' and sure enough congratulations started to pour in from far and wide, all over the country. His milk inspection program was firmly established and I don't know how many children's lives have been saved because one man had the courage of his convictions and was ready to fight for them if it took the last cent he had. 'And,' she added, 'I think it took just as much courage and guts - if you want to call it that - as it took when his father stood up for the rights of the people against the kings in Germany and risked his

life in doing it.

"All this while, Guy was making his way in the medical profession. A natural born mixer, he liked all men and they all liked him for he was one of these big, good-looking, two-hundred-pounders (the Kiefers were all big and heavy) with a ready smile and a hearty handshake, a brother to all men - white or black, Jew, Catholic, or Protestant - and he believed in mass-production long before Henry Ford coined the word.

"In other words, the whole city of Detroit was his patient and care, instead of each individual. He was, if not the father of preventative medicine, at least one of the foremost advocates of it and as such probably saved more lives than any fifty or a hundred men devoted to private practice.

"In turn he became County Physician, City Physician for the City of Detroit, and State Health Officer for the State of Michigan and, it might be added, at twice the salary of the Governor of the State. He was given various degrees of 'Doctor of Public Health' by different Universities and he constantly preached preventative medicine and succeeded in practically ridding Michigan of its epidemics of smallpox, diphtheria, scarlet fever, typhoid, and the like by mass vaccinations, so it was not uncommon for individuals to be vaccinated a dozen times in twenty years on the theory that if it did 'take' you avoided a much more serious illness and if it didn't 'take' you were immune anyway and no harm done.

"He went after water supplies far and wide; enforced milk inspections; forced through enormous expenditures for sewage disposal and drainage; and was constantly lecturing and touring the state to talk to whatever audiences he could find in an effort to educate the people to the necessity of guarding not only their own health and lives, but the health and lives of little children, whom he dearly loved. Naturally, he met resistance which made him all the more determined for, like all his tribe, he was a stubborn fighter and lived fully up to the family motto of 'Do Right and Fear No One'.

"Guy dearly loved a party and never missed an opportunity for 'throwing a party' for all his friends to which all

Fig. 31. Hertha F. Bonning

Fig. 32. Dr. Guy L. Kiefer

were welcome - old and young alike. For those who imbibed too freely, there were always spare beds, and for the police who came to see what it was all about, extra seats at the festive board where they were equally welcome.

"But the strain of such an active public life which grew greater as his fame spread was beginning to tell on even his vigorous frame and he spent more and more time at his summer home at Mackinaw City which he called 'Josephine's Retreat'. There he liked to spend the long summer days with his children and his younger daughter, Hermine's children, Guy, named after him, and Patty, short for Patricia. There he would make his plans for his next campaign and then come down to Detroit or Lansing to battle for still further improvements in safe-guarding the public health.

"Detroit had on its outskirts the 'pest house' where contagious cases were isolated and quarantined. This was being used less and less as epidemics grew less and less frequent and milder in character, with but scattered cases here and there. More and more interest was being displayed in other killers, like tuberculosis, so Guy determined the City needed a sanitarium for the care of T.B. cases.

"To clean up the old 'pest house'; to provide it with proper linen, beds, dishes, kitchen ware, bathing facilities and so forth was, he said, woman's work and, of course, I was his woman and he wished the job on me - not that I wasn't glad to do it but I was as scared of all the deadly germs that might be lurking on the premises as anybody. But Aunt Martha Baugh's husband had just died and I got her to help me and, with a few devoted old men who were caretakers of the place, we painted and scrubbed and cleaned for weeks until we had it shining. We burned up all the old mattresses and worn out bedding and got new stuff, made curtains for the windows and worked like slaves until we thought we'd drop.

"Finally we had it all done and Guy brought out the Mayor, the President of the City Council and the City Treasurer and some others to get an appropriation to open this as one of the first tubercular sanitariums in the

country - as a hospital and not as a 'pest house'.

"They were pretty much afraid to go in at first and Alderman Doremus hung back, but I just took him by the arm and marched him in, saying, 'I've been here every day for a month and this place is cleaner and more sanitary than your house or mine and you have nothing to fear, so in the end he was one of Guy's warmest supporters and we got it started. They wanted to call it the 'Guy Kiefer Hospital' but Guy wouldn't have it and got them to change it to the 'Herman Kiefer Hospital' after his father, who after all had done little or nothing to help any of his sons.

"The sanitarium is now a beautiful place with fine brick buildings and spacious grounds, and stands as a monument to Guy's foresight and unselfish devotion to the common good at a time when little or no thought was given to taking care of unfortunates who needed more care than their families could give them.

"As time went on and Guy became State Health Officer, we moved to Lansing, the State Capital, and lived in the Olds Hotel. Hermine had married Duval Lawrie, a World War I veteran whom she met at Ford Hospital where she was a nurse, and she came to East Lansing with her two children, Guy and Patty, and lived in a white house on Charles Street. Guy was a bright boy, big and chunky like his father and grandfather and stood well in his studies. Patty grew up to be a pretty girl and had lots of beaus to whom she was periodically getting engaged as she progressed through college.

"We lived happily, through the years, there in Lansing and in our old home in Detroit at 928 Virginia Park until Guy had a stroke which put him in bed for some time. However, as soon as that cleared up he started his usual round of speaking tours. He never spared himself as he thought that the best way he could further the health of the people was to educate them in the proper safeguards. Perhaps he was right and fulfilled the wish of all men who are doing a real job in the world, by dying with his boots on. He was finally stricken at his home on Virginia Park.

"During the war, our older daughter Edwina, named after Guy's favorite brother, Edwin, met and married a widower, Homer Bayliss, who was an outstanding charac-

ter. They were living in our Detroit home and were with Guy when he passed away in his 63rd year, in 1930.

"Since that time I've made my home in Lansing and for a good many years was a house mother to one of the sororities during the college year. This I wouldn't have missed for anything. It has brought me in contact with young people and a lovely bunch of girls, most of whom are now married and have children of their own - some of them just about ready for college.

"Another activity that I have thoroughly enjoyed is my work with the Women's Auxiliary of the State Medical Association. I was one of the founders and organizers of the Auxiliary and an early president. As long as I am able to do so, I will continue to go to the annual meeting and meet my old friends."

And with this, Aunt Jo leaned back in her chair, closed her eyes and was lost in thoughts of an active and useful life of over eighty years. Since she was a little girl of eight, she had been devoted to taking care of someone - first her father - then her husband and her family - next the sorority girls and Woman's Auxiliary. Now after all these years, full of good works and good cheer, she can look forward to a few more years with her devoted children and grandchildren taking care of her in her declining days.

What marked her from her earliest girlhood was the determination to do her job, whatever it might be, and to see it through, regardless of obstacles or discouragements.

As a little girl only eight years old, she took care of her father and kept a home for him while still going to school. Later, when he died, she lived with her grandparents and later with her aunt, and then with her sister-in-law until she was married.

What made her such an outstanding character, is the fact that she was always on her own - doing for others with small thought for herself. Never pretty or beautiful, nevertheless she is a very attractive woman, full of charm, with a lively and appealing personality which brought her hosts of devoted friends. A gracious hostess who loved to entertain, she did a great deal to further her

husband's popularity because his success was due as much to his political following as it was to his professional status, outstanding in the State as it was.

Through her work in the State Medical Auxiliary, she probably did as much to make the name "Kiefer" known throughout the State as did any of the men in the family. She was, perhaps, more widely loved and respected than anyone with the exception of her husband. She invariably accompanied him on his many trips which took him to every corner of the State, to say nothing of the various medical conventions all over the country at which he constantly preached the gospel of "preventative medicine."

As this is written, Aunt Jo has been confined to her bed for about a year, at her home in East Lansing. Full of years, but as cheerful and smiling as ever, she welcomes her many friends as they come to call, just as she will welcome the Great Deliverer when he steps over the threshold, with no regrets for a life well-spent in the service of her family and all others with whom she came in contact.

Fig. 33. Mrs. Guy L. Kiefer

Fig. 34. Edwina Kiefer Bayliss

Chapter XIII

THE COMPANIES

The Kiefer Land Company

No history of the Kiefer family of the 20th century would be complete without mention of some of the different corporations which the family started and which have contributed so largely to their material well-being. First and foremost is the Kiefer Land Company.

When Dr. Herman Kiefer was in his 85th year, he took counsel with Mr. Otto Kirchner, a very able lawyer of Detroit. Kirchner advised him that the easiest way for him to divide his estate equally upon his death was to form a share company, put all his holdings into the company and divide the shares among his children. This would hold the estate together; give each and every one of them an equal division; avoid probating the estate, with its attendant taxes, fees, and legal expenses; and simplify the entire matter.

Accordingly on June 10th, 1910, the Kiefer Land Co. was incorporated with $100,000 of capital, represented by the Gratiot Avenue Property, the house on Forest Ave., the farm on the Six Mile Road and the farm on the Ten Mile Road. All of these properties were very much undervalued but at the time there was no reason for putting in real values as there was no income tax and no excess profits tax on corporations, or other taxes except a franchise tax based on stated capital invested, and real estate taxes, all of which were minimized by a low capitalization.

The rents from these holdings were sufficient for Dr. Kiefer's modest needs, but now that the rest of the family were to share in the proceeds, they wanted to augment and make full use of the capabilities of the properties. So on June 24, 1910, just two weeks after the Kiefer Land Co. was formed, a contract was entered into with Goldberg Brothers by which the Company was to erect an eight

story building at an estimated cost of $150,000, the value of the land having been agreed upon as $300,000. A lease was signed by which the tenant would pay yearly rental of $18,000 for the land and $9,000 for the building, plus all taxes, repairs, insurance and upkeep of any sort.

Richard Marr, married to Dr. Kiefer's granddaughter Irma Bonning, was chosen as the architect, and erection of the building was started. The structure actually cost $252,000, nearly double the contemplated amount, and a long term mortgage for $240,000 at 6% was executed with the Home and Wayne County Savings Bank which later consolidated with the First National Bank. By the sale of the Forest Avenue house and the Six Mile farm, this mortgage was reduced to $198,000 at the time of Dr. Kiefer's death.

Two years after the lease with Goldberg Brothers had gone into effect, Crowley Milner bought the Goldberg stock and fixtures for $50,000 thus removing a direct competitor and consolidating operations with their own store across Library Street. The rent for the Kiefer Bldg. was increased to $50,000 per year.

A few years later, Crowley Milner had the two stores connected by a tunnel under Library Street. On two lots which they secured from the Grinnell and Palms estates and which faced Monroe Avenue and backed on the Kiefer property, they built an eleven-story building. By persuading the city to vacate the twenty foot alley separating the new building from the Kiefer Bldg. and removing the rear wall from the latter, the two were joined and three stories were added to the Kiefer Bldg. New leases were executed by which these improvements were made at no cost to the landlords.

The depression of 1932, however, radically changed the picture. Crowley Milner virtually went bankrupt and were unable to pay their rents. Upon a financial reorganization of the company, new leases were made running to June 30, 1951, by which each landlord received a minimum fixed rent plus 2.41 percent of sales. In 1951, these contracts with the various landlords were renewed for twenty-five years, running to 1976, with a fixed minimum annual rent to the Kiefer Land Co. of $50,000 plus

the same 2.41 percent of sales, which in good years could amount to 50 percent more than the minimum rent.

After the death of Dr. Kiefer in 1911, the presidency of the Company was assumed by his oldest son, Arthur (Alfred being dead). After Arthur's death in 1932, Hermine Bonning, the only living child of the founder, became president. Hermine died in 1938 and the position then passed to Josephine Kiefer (widow of Guy L. Kiefer) who is the only one left of that generation.

Dr. Kiefer's youngest son, Dr. Guy L. Kiefer, was secretary and treasurer of the Company from the time of its organization until his death in 1930. That office was then taken over by the founder's eldest grandson, Edgar W. Kiefer, under whose management the $198,000 mortgage was finally paid off and dividends were restored to the original amount of about $4.00 per share, notwithstanding the fact that income taxes now took about 50 percent of the net income while there had been no income taxes in the beginning.

The history of the land upon which the Kiefer Bldg. stands is extremely interesting. It was first conveyed in 1823, for $1.00, to the First Methodist Church, by the Governor and two Judges of the Territory of Michigan. Despite many difficulties and embarrassments, the trustees succeeded in having erected on this land a brick building which at the close of the year 1824 was occupied by the Methodist Society as a place of worship and which continued to be used as a church for years thereafter. This was the first Protestant church in the city of Detroit. Later, the building was dedicated to the drama and known as the "Old Theater". In 1839, it was destroyed by fire and was rebuilt by Daniel Thompson who used it for a tavern until it was again destroyed by fire in the year 1845.

The Methodists built a new church "more accessible to their congregation" on the corner of Congress and Woodward so, in 1843, the trustees conveyed the corner lot, No. 56, to John McGuire. John McGuire sold the lot to Major Henry A. Breroot, U.S.A. who, through the Coyles, finally sold this lot to Clark J. Whitney. On April 29, 1865, Whitney sold the 100 feet on Gratiot Ave. and 50 feet on Library (then known as Farrer Street) to

Herman Kiefer for $5,500.

On August 30, 1842, the east 50 feet on Library to the alley, known as lot No. 55, was sold by the trustees of the Methodist church to Jonathan L. King for $500. However, this land reverted to the State because King never paid the $4.06 taxes on it. The State gave a tax title on the land to Cornelius Ockford who sold it back to King in 1847 for $75.00. Winslow W. Wilcox and his wife bought the property from King and they, in turn, sold it to the trustees of the German Evangelical Protestant St. John's Church on April 13, 1866. Herman Kiefer purchased this land from the church trustees on May 29, 1873 for $10,000 subject to a mortgage of $2,500.

So altogether the property cost Dr. Herman Kiefer $18,000 although the best part, the corner lot, cost only $5,500 in 1865 and it certainly started out as holy ground, having first been used for a place of worship.

Since the value of lot 55 on Library Street jumped from $500 to $12,500 in 28 years, it may be assumed that a building of considerable value must have been erected there during those years. It is probable that a structure was built by the German Evangelical Church and was later incorporated with the building on the corner lot, which Herman Kiefer had owned since 1865. He was a close friend of Reverend Haas, the pastor of the church, and probably helped them considerably in any way he could. One good reason for this assumption is that the shape of Dr. Kiefer's house closely follows the architectural design of the German Evangelical Seminary which was subsequently erected on Lafayette Street. This would account for the size and shape of the Kiefer dwelling which had more the appearance of a hotel or a school than of a private home, as attested by the picture shown elsewhere.

The Port Huron Sulphite and Paper Company

The Port Huron Sulphite and Paper Company is another company that has played an important role in the family fortunes, especially in the case of the Alfred Kiefers for

Alfred was the principal instigator of this particular activity.

Back in the 1880's, Alexander Mitscherlich, a chemistry professor at Heidelberg University, had perfected a process for separating the fibre of wood from the lignin which bound the wood fibres together and had taken out a patent on his process. This lignin contains all the rosins, sugars, and other substances of the wood except the fibres themselves and by bringing them into solution and thereby separating them, the lignin, which Mitscherlich considered very valuable, could easily be recovered, so he took out a patent to this effect. Incidentally, the patent says "there is a whitish substance remaining for which some use may be found."

As a matter of fact, most of the paper industry is founded on this "whitish substance" which is the fibre of the wood. Very little use has ever been found for the solution of lignin which he thought to be so valuable.

Oscar Thilmany had bought the American rights to the Mitscherlich patent and in 1888 he interested various groups of men in the United States in establishing sulphite mills. Among these mills was one started by a group headed by Grover Cleveland, then President of the U.S. and including his Secretary of State, Richard Olney, along with Admiral Robert Evans, who later, under President Theodore Roosevelt, commanded the first American Navy fleet to go around the world.

The Port Huron mill was called the Michigan Sulphite Fibre Company. Chartered in 1888, with an initial subscribed capital of $100,000, it began operating on March 16, 1889. The process was little known at the time and more waste product was made than good salable fibre. Although the fibre was sold at 7 ¢ per pound or $140.00 per ton at that time while the pulpwood could be purchased for $4.50 a cord, the business was not successful and was shut down after a few years.

Alfred Kiefer, who was one of the principal promoters of the company and its treasurer, then suggested a reorganization. The main stockholders, Mr. E.W. Voight, President, Paul Weidner, Vice President, and a few others, invested some more money and put the mill in

charge of a young college graduate, O. L. E. Weber, who admittedly knew nothing of the business. Weber spent six weeks visiting other mills and noting their methods, then came back, made some changes and started up. He made such a success of the business that it soon was paying 6% dividends on its share capital. This it continued to do through the "gay nineties" but the going became increasingly difficult in the early years of this century, culminating in the "Black Friday" of October, 1907, when banks suspended payments on checks and drafts and it took thirty days to draw a cent out of even a National Bank savings account.

About this time, the small issue of preferred stock was increased to $70,000; the mill was given a new 300 H.P. Nordberg engine; the old wooden trusses supporting the roofs, which had rotted out in 20 years of hot, steaming vapor, were replaced by steel in the engine room, boiler room, and wash room; a new screen room was added and the production increased, which brought the mill back into the black. Pulp, however, was now selling at 2 to 2-1/2 cents per pound and wood had doubled in price to about $10.00 per cord.

In 1910, the papermill, with one 120" trim M.G. machine, was started as a separate company composed of Frank Haynes, who became its president, O. L. E. Weber, E. W. Kiefer and John Daley, its first superintendent.

On February 1, 1916, the two companies were consolidated according to agreement and the Port Huron Sulphite and Paper Company was formed.

In the meantime, Frank Haynes had died. E. W. Voight president of the sulphite company, became the first president of the Port Huron Sulphite and Paper Company, and held this office until his death in 1920. He was succeeded by the vice president, E. W. Kiefer, who retired as Chairman of the Board in 1947, when his brother, Francis Kiefer became president.

E. W. Voight was a very unusual character. The son of a Wisconsin brewer, he started sailing and came to Detroit as captain of a dilapidated Lake schooner which was about done for, due to rot and old age, and which was laid away in a swamp at the foot of what is now West Grand

Blvd. Voight came ashore and started a brewery on Grand River Avenue which was very successful. Believing thoroughly in the growth of Detroit, he owned large tracts of land in and around that city, including a considerable portion of Grosse Isle. When the owners of the swamp on which he had beached his sailing vessel demanded that he remove her, he bought the land for $2,500. Many years later, he sold this land to the city of Detroit for $250,000.

Voight declared that since between Detroit and Lake Huron there were only seven miles of good building lots on the river and lake front with the road behind them and good water of reasonable depth in front, they would be worth the current market price, whatever it might be at any time, for in that area there would always be at least a million people who would want to buy them. His statement is just as true today, if not truer, that it was then.

An enormous man over six feet tall and weighing about 330 pounds, Voight was slow and chary of speech. Once his mind was made up, he did not change it easily and went his ponderous and dignified way, brushing aside trifles and non-essentials to reach his ultimate goal. Although he was a very kind, just and generous man, when aroused he could be terribly emphatic and once after thundering an explosive "No" he accentuated his very definite negative by striking a heavy oak table with his fist. The force of the blow not only shook the whole house but crushed the sturdy table as though an elephant had stepped on it, the heavy oak top splitting in half and the four legs sprawling grotesquely flat on the floor.

Unwittingly, he provided Henry Ford with the opportunity to start making a "horseless buggy". Here is how he related it. The Detroit Edison power house was on the corner of State and Washington Blvd., just north of the Book Cadillac Hotel, where the company now has a salesroom. On the south-east corner of Ledyard and Second Ave., facing the park, stood Mr. Voight's house, a big grey stone edifice, resembling a castle on the Rhine. Henry Ford was the engineer at the Edison Company's powerhouse and Mr. Voight was one of the vice presidents, Alexander Dow being the president.

The company's main business was lighting the down-

town streets and stores of Detroit. This load came on about five o'clock daily, there being very little electricity used before that time except on very dark days. Mr. Ford would, therefore, use the hours before five o'clock to make repairs and improvements, trying to have everything ready to go late in the afternoon. However, there were many occasions when he didn't make it on time and Mr. Voight would receive furious telephone calls from irate customers demanding immediate action and light. So Mr. Voight would hitch up his horse and buggy and drive the half mile or so to the powerhouse to find out what was the trouble. More often than not, Mr. Ford's only excuse for not being ready was that he was trying to improve the efficiency of the plant. Mr. Voight would tell him, "We don't need to be more efficient, Henry - we are making plenty of money as it is - leave things alone - just keep them running." But no one could stop Henry from being efficient so Mr. Voight warned him that if it happened again, he'd have to fire him.

Sure enough, one fine day he had to rush to the power plant, where he found, to use Mr. Voight's own words, "the engines and boilers and pipes and tools strewn all around on the floor, and Henry working like mad to put them together again". He continued, "And so I had to fire him and I never felt so bad about anything because he was going to all that work and trouble just to make things better. So I gave him his money and twenty dollars extra, and we both cried a little. Henry went across to Bagley Street, a block or so away, and rented an old brick barn and opened a bicycle repair shop. Here he started to put a gasoline engine in an old buggy and that was the beginning of the great automobile business in Detroit".

Years later, when the Fords, traveling as Mr. and Mrs. Henry Robinson, were crossing the ocean in the Majestic, then the world's largest steamer, Henry Ford personally confirmed this story.

Although this is a history of the Port Huron Sulphite and Paper Company, it would not have been a full account without this considerable mention of Mr. Voight because of his dominance during the early years of the company.

The Port Huron Sulphite and Paper Company continued

Fig. 35. Hermine Kiefer Lawrie

Fig. 36. The Last of the Kiefers. Left to right, Mike, Ned, Chris, Edgar W., Rosemary, and Durand at Del Mar, Calif.

to manufacture sulphite fibre until February 1, 1951, using more and more of its own product as more paper-making machines were added. No. 2 machine, in the beginning a duplicate of No. 1, was added in 1922 and put into operation August 21st of that year.

Later five dryers were added and still later, in 1950, the wet end of the machine was rebuilt and the machine adapted to one-time carbonizing paper as its principal output. The original cylinder machine, made in 1888 by Black and Clawson, was converted to a paper machine, in 1924, by adding a stack of calenders and a Moore and White winder, and later three more cylinder molds were added. One of the oldest paper machines in existence in the United States, it was still operating in 1951.

No. 4 machine went in as a pulp drying machine and was installed in 1909, its 60" cylinder being the largest cylinder in the country at the time. It was equipped with hydraulic presses having pressures up to 80 pounds per square inch which would wear out and tear off felts within a few hours time. It was erected by Charles Morrison, representing the builders, and E. W. Kiefer, then repair and construction foreman for the Company. For the first six months after it started, these two men, working 12 hour shifts, were the only ones who could operate it, until it was rebuilt with some baby presses and dryers when it was turned over to a regular operating crew.

No. 5 machine was installed to take up the remaining pulp production and give the company greater capacity to meet the boom times of the late 1920's. This was also a 132" wire, 120" trim Fourdrinier but was equipped with twenty-four 42" dryers to make heavier weight papers than No. 1 and No. 2 machines could make and, in fact, made nearly as much production as both No. 1 and No. 2 together.

In 1935 experiments were started to determine the possibility of using high pressure steam to drive electric turbines and use the exhaust for drying, cooking, and driving low-pressure units. These proved so successful that in 1938 this high pressure power plant was installed and was one of the earliest in the country.

About this same time, the Company became interest-

ed in getting into the business of printed bread wrappers. As this was all done on opaque papers, which process was patented by the Opaque Corporation, a license was secured by buying out the Diamond Wax Paper Company of Rochester, New York.

While the printed bread-wrap business never amounted to much, it did put the Company into the business of printing light weight papers which proved quite profitable, particularly when all the business and machinery of the Diamond Wax Paper Company was moved to Port Huron.

Another venture during World War II was the carbonizing of light weight papers. One of the company's customers was the Chemsel Corporation of Philadelphia who were using the gravure process to coat the ink on the paper. This company was also absorbed by the Port Huron company and its plant was moved to Port Huron. This was housed at first in some sheds made from picked-up lumber but at the end of the war was moved into the former Acheson Colloid buildings, that company selling off the west half of its property, including its buildings, to the Port Huron Company. This business has now built up to over half a million a year and has become a profitable factor in the business.

This story would not be complete without mentioning a very intrinsical part of the business although it was always run as a separate enterprise - namely the procurement and transportation of pulpwood which is the raw material of the sulphite process.

This operation was kept as the function of separate companies because of the fact that most of the wood originated in Canada, making it necessary to have a company chartered in Canada for this purpose. Along in 1890, Messrs. E. W. Voight, Paul Weidner and A. K. Kiefer formed the North Shore Timber Company with $50,000 capital. They took in the firm of Hazlewood and Whalen with all their equipment and licenses which these timber contractors put in as their share in lieu of a cash contribution. This company operated around the Nipigon River, Lake and Bay and around Lake Helen which was tributary to this district. At one time, they were granted large limits around Lake Nipigon and surveyed and projected a

paper mill at Cameron Falls, which is ideally situated for a power development. However, the nearest junction with the Canadian Pacific Railroad was at Nipigon and the building of fourteen miles of railroad was impractical at the time so the scheme was abandoned. These limits are now held by various companies and are considered some of the most valuable in Canada.

One fall the supplies for the winter's operation at Nipigon, 60 miles away, had been loaded on a scow at Port Arthur and the tug had started to tow it the more than 100 miles by way of Lake Superior. A sudden storm blew up while crossing Black Bay and the whole load was lost including several teams of horses. The Detroit directors were so put out by this (to put it mildly) that they refused to pay Mr. Whalen anything for operating the company all winter, claiming he should have foreseen the storm's coming and taken shelter in good time.

The North Shore Timber Co. did, however, supply the Port Huron Co. with good wood at a reasonable price and was the first of the pulpwood companies to open up the resources not only of the north shore of Lake Superior but also along the track of the Algoma Central Railroad all the way to Hearst.

About the time the North Shore Timber Company was chartered, an American company was formed and called the Nipigon Transit Company. This company headed by Mr. A.K. Kiefer, President, bought the wooden steamer J.C. Ford from the Gooderich Line in Chicago who had been operating her all the year around between Chicago and other Lake Michigan ports. She was very solidly constructed and her cabins were removed and she was converted into a freighter especially adapted to the pulpwood trade. The J.C. Ford was used for pulpwood transportation for many years but after the Company acquired the W.J. Crosby in 1921, she was sold and later burned at Detour

In 1915, the Nipigon Transit Company, then headed by E.W. Kiefer and Captain Wm. J. Crosby, bought the barge Geo. B. Owen to tow behind the Str. J.C. Ford. This barge was kept in the Company's service for almost ten years before she too was eventually sold. She was then

used in the coal trade, carrying coal from Toledo to the Detroit Water Works.

The "Crosby" - originally the "Crabtree" - was built by the American Shipbuilding Company at Lorain, Ohio in 1919 for the United States Shipping Board and cost $930,000 delivered on salt water. In 1921, the Shipping Board sold her to the Transit Company for less than one-tenth of her cost and she came back on the Lakes as a pulpwood carrier. After about five years service as an American ship, she was changed to Canadian registry and sold to the Canada Forwarding Company, which company took the place of the North Shore Timber Company when that company was dissolved after World War I. The Canada Forwarding Co. kept the Crosby in service until 1933 when she was sold and went into the coal trade from Newport News to New England ports and was finally torpedoed and lost during World War II.

During World War I, Francis Kiefer was in France as a Major. He had organized the 20th Engineers, the largest regiment the U.S. Army ever had, with 20,000 men. Previous to his war service, however, he had been in the Forest Service as Assistant U.S. Forester in charge of silvaculture (the growing of trees). His territory, District No. 7, extended from Maine to Puerto Rico and westward to Albuquerque. When he returned from overseas at the end of the war, he organized the Western Contracting Company of Port Arthur with C. L. Bliss and A. V. Chapman. This concern owned some timber lands on the north shore of Lake Superior and operated largely around Nipigon, procuring, cutting, and loading pulpwood for the Port Huron Sulphite and Paper Company.

As the Western Contracting Company holdings were cut out, the company dissolved, and the Canada Forwarding Company expanded its operations and moved eastward to obtain their supplies more and more from along the route of the Algoma Central Railroad and from Quebec along the lower St. Lawrence River, first shipping from Michipicoten Harbor and finally getting all its supplies from the Gaspe Coast, nearly 1000 miles from Port Huron. For this reason, they had no further use for the Crosby which was too deep draft for the canals connect-

ing the Great Lakes and the St. Lawrence so she was sold.

During the wood shortage of World War II, The Canada Forwarding Company bought a tract of timber at Carey Lake, located about twelve miles west of Hearst, the junction of the Algoma Central Railroad and the Canadian National Railroad. This was the Company's main source of supply until the pulpmill was shut down in 1950.

In all these dealings, The Canada Forwarding Company, under the leadership of Francis Kiefer as president, played the major part in keeping an adequate wood supply coming to the Port Huron Sulphite and Paper Company.

The Edgar S. Kiefer Tanning Company

Many people have wondered why anyone would start in the leather business. In the case of Edgar S. Kiefer, this choice can easily be explained by the fact that he received his business training in Vienna, the leather capital of the world. His career began by starting a partnership in 1885 with a Mr. Fecht for the purpose of selling wool, pickled skins and raw furs. The building occupied for this purpose was located in Grand Rapids, Michigan, in the central part of what is now the South Plant. A warehouse directly across the street was also rented from the Wallin Tanning Company.

The worst year in the history of the company was 1904 when the Grand River rose to unprecedented heights and flooded the tannery. It was necessary to close down for quite some time and, as a result, Mr. Fecht found it necessary to look for other employment. It was also in this year that Clay, Mr. Kiefer's only son, was killed by a streetcar. The combination of these circumstances forced the Kiefer family to move to Chicago.

In Chicago there existed at the time a leather jobbing business known as H. A. Dahm & Co., located at 204 Lake Street. Mr. Kiefer needed a sales outlet for his tannery business and he was impressed with Dahm's sales ability. It was natural, therefore, that he should decide to form the partnership of Dahm & Kiefer. The main office was

moved from Grand Rapids to 204 Lake Street in Chicago and later to 224 W. Lake Street, the present address.

By 1909 the partnership was changed to a corporation called the Dahm & Kiefer Tanning Company with a capitalization of $100,000. The tannery in Grand Rapids was valued at $10,000 and the H. A. Dahm Company at $41,600. At the first stockholder's meeting held March 13, 1909, the following officers were elected: Edgar S. Kiefer, president, H. A. Dahm, vice president and treasurer. The relationship lasted until 1914 at which time Edgar S. Kiefer bought Dahm's interest in the company for $45,000 and the name was changed to the Edgar S. Kiefer Tanning Company. At this time, Frank Cambier became a stockholder and officer of the company but sold out later to Mr. Kiefer.

It was in the year 1909, at age 16, that Peter A. Coolsen was hired as general office boy, pigskin sorter, bookkeeper, and the boy responsible for picking up fresh blood from the slaughter house daily. These experiences, together with the buying and selling of jobbing stock for forty-three years, has made it possible for him to be a very competent sales manager. Early in 1951, he was elected to the position of first vice president, and he is now the only stockholder outside the immediate family.

Irving M. Orr, son-in-law of Mr. Kiefer and president of the company for twenty-three years, started in 1917 shortly after marrying Cora H. Kiefer. He immediately gained a prominent position in the company by being elected treasurer. By 1920, he had moved to Grand Rapids to become superintendent of the tannery and a year after was elected a vice president. By this time, the tannery in Grand Rapids had undergone certain changes. In 1906, what is now known as the South Plant was enlarged so that the building reached Front Avenue. A flood wall was added by the city in 1910, and this made it possible to enlarge the building eastward to the river.

The greatest expansion occurred when the Crohon-Roden building, three hundred feet north, was purchased in 1924 during a liquidation sale by the National Bank of Detroit. The reason for the purchase was to obtain a railroad siding, but luckily a building was included which

was later reconditioned and used for production as well as for a main office. Because of this additional space, it was possible to double pigskin production for the extremely low cost of $10,000. Two other additions were made after this purchase. In 1940, a large brick building was constructed between the North and South plants, and in 1945 the Casey building, directly south, was purchased in order to secure rights to an alley leading past the boiler room. Many years ago, the Casey building was used as an office by the Wallin Tanning Company; it is now rented to the Grand Rapids Hide Company.

During the twenties, sheepskins and angora goats were the leading products until pigskin later gained the dominant position. A foreman, William Batt, who replaced Albert Fecht when he left the company in 1904, was largely responsible for introducing pigskin to the Kiefer Tanning Company. He had gained his experience by working at Gustorfs, a competitor in the insole business. Harold Hanna, a salesman with experience in shoe manufacturing, was successful in acquainting the Eastern manufacturers with the merits of pigskin and in this way greatly expanded the sales of this particular product.

The unique part about the position of the company is that it can boast of being the largest tanner of pigskin for shoes in the world as there is only one other similar tanner in the United States. Other manufacturers have not entered this field largely because of the difficulty in obtaining raw material and because of the limited market that prevails.

Present products, besides pigskin for insoling, are welting and counters for shoes; sheepskin for novelty items; goatskins from India for lacing and tooling. In the jobbing end of the business there is buying and selling of elk, calf, sheep, goat, side, strap and several other types of leather.

The welting department was first started in Chicago under the foremanship of Joseph S. Meagher. Sim, as he is called, came from the Chicago Belting Company in 1921 with a thorough knowledge of shoe-making. Two years later, the company was turning out molded counters. Soon more floor area was needed so that it was necessary

to open one wall to allow access to an adjoining building. Production was halted rather abruptly in 1927 when a fire burned out the department causing the machinery to crash through several floors. This incident resulted in a decision to move the welting and counter department to Grand Rapids.

One of the most controversial figures ever employed by the company was Percy Adams, one time bookkeeper, secretary, production-man and stockholder. Hiring him was characteristic of Edgar S. Kiefer's warm-hearted impulsiveness. He first met Adams in a court room where the man was on trial for embezzlement. Mr. Kiefer offered to provide a job for him and sentence was suspended. Adams was loyal as long as his benefactor lived, but after Edgar S. Kiefer's death he tried to gain control of the company through stock bonuses. As a result, he was dismissed in 1932 and his stock was purchased by the majority interest.

The Kiefer Tanning Company suffered a great loss when, on August 19, 1927, Edgar S. Kiefer passed away. By the provisions of his will, three trustees were appointed who also became the chief executive officers of the company; Irving M. Orr was elected president; Edgar W. Kiefer, vice president; Rupert Barry, secretary. Mr. Kiefer and Mr. Barry withdrew as officers when, after ten years, the trusteeship expired. During this same year, the main office of the company was moved from Chicago to Grand Rapids, Michigan.

The present stockholders consist of Edgar K. Orr, Mary Jane Orr Jones and Betty Orr Nilsson, the son and daughters of Irving Orr; and Peter Coolsen. Officers elected the beginning of 1951 are Edgar K. Orr, president and treasurer, succeeding his father Irving Orr who passed away suddenly on December 1, 1950; Peter Coolsen, secretary and first vice president; Bartelt Ruiter, second vice president. Mr. Ruiter started with the company at the age of 19 and served in many capacities from superintendent and cost accountant to buyer and supervisor of the sheepskin department. Other key personnel are Earl Orr, a nephew of Irving M. Orr, who is superintendent in charge of maintenance; George Romanski, foreman of

the pigskin department; Joseph S. Meagher, foreman of the welt and counter department and Julius Mehrtens, the accountant.

The other employees of the Kiefer Tanning Company are all loyal, hard-working men and women. The total employment is one hundred and twenty-four, nineteen in the administrative force and one hundred and five in the labor force of whom eighteen are women. There has never been any union activity, which might be attributed to the fact that the employees never felt a need for one. Management has attempted to keep abreast of times by inaugurating a hospitalization, accident, sickness and life insurance plan, by giving two weeks wages as a gift at Christmas, and by granting vacations with pay. Wages have always been kept on an equal average with other manufacturers in the same industry. It is interesting to note that in 1931 wages averaged 40 cents per hour while in 1951 the average was $1.51.

The Kiefer Tanning Company has grown during its forty-two years since incorporation. In 1921 the net sales were $491,603; in 1931, $503,856; in 1941, $1,590,729; and at the close of 1950 they were $2,336,808. Inventories during that same period increased from $193,192 in 1921 to $536,455 in 1950. Another indication is the fact that the book value of the stock increased from $136 in 1921 to $332 in 1951.

During this period of growth, prices and costs rose tremendously. In 1931 pigskin raw material cost only 2¢ per pound and in 1951 it was up to 12-1/2¢. Quebracho, one of the company's most important raw materials, cost per carload in 1931 $2,500 while in 1951 the same car sold for $4,900. A proportional increase has taken place in the pricing structure. Buffed newflex pigskin is now selling at 55¢ per pound whereas in 1934 the price was 25¢.

Certain features about the Edgar S. Kiefer Tanning Company make the future look uncertain. Various factors have discouraged packing plants from producing strips for tanning; substitutes are constantly working their way into the leather field; sheepskin and goatskin are declining in demand because of increased raw material prices.

On the other hand, there is every indication that the future of the company is bright. Shoe manufacturers will be looking for a cheaper but durable leather, such as pigskin to use in their shoes; technological improvements will reduce the cost of production; and new uses will be discovered for leather. Most people will always agree with the Tanners' Council slogan, "There is no substitute for leather."

Chapter XIV

GENEALOGY

1. NICHOLAS or NICHOLOUS VAN NIDDA, member of Dutch family of that name
   Born: Circa, 1650
   Married: daughter of Ritter von Kiefer, Circa, 1675 and was re-baptized Kiefer zu Grotzingen
   Issue: John Jacob
   MILITARY ORDER of Max Joseph

2. JOHN JACOB, son of Nicholas (1)
   Born: 1675; died July 23, 1744
   Married: Katherine Dorothea, born August 4, 1675; died August 26, 1758
   Issue: John Jacob, Jr.
   RITTER von Grotzingen bei Durlach; Burgermeister zu Durlach; Kommerzienrat zu Durlach

3. JOHN JACOB, JR.,son of John Jacob (2) and Katherine D.
   Born: October 30, 1708; died 1788
   Married: Caroline, daughter of Marquis Carl William of Baden
   Issue: Joseph
   Married: Second wife, Caroline Selz, 1735

4. JOSEPH, son of John Jacob, Jr. (3) and Caroline
   Born: Karlsruhe, April 16, 1747; died 1797
   Married: Charlotte Josephine Schulmeister, born 1756; died 1832
   Issue: Ludwig

5. LUDWIG, son of Joseph (4) and Charlotte
   Born: 1780; died September 27, 1843
   Married: Theresa, Lady von Geisweiller, daughter of Sir Francis von Geisweiller and Lady Eleanor von Bathie, born 1780; died 1833
   Issue: Conrad

5. LUDWIG (cont'd.)
DOCTOR of Medicine; Cross of Legion of Honor; Ritter von Kiefer

6. CONRAD, son of Ludwig (5) and Theresa
Born: February 18, 1798; died March 12, 1878
Married: Christine Friederika Schweyekert, born November 27, 1800; died August 28, 1874
Issue: Herman
DOCTOR of Medicine; District Health Officer; Court Physician

7. HERMAN, son of Conrad (6) and Christine Friederika
Born: November 19, 1825, Salzburg Baden; died October 11, 1911, Detroit, Michigan
Married: 1850, Frances Kehle, born May 25, 1826, Bonndorf Baden; died August 6, 1909, Detroit, Michigan
Issue: Alfred K., Arthur E., Edwin H., Edgar S., Hermina C., Guy L.
GRADUATE of Heidelberg University Doctor of Medicine; Detroit City Physician; Member Detroit Board of Education; U. S. Consul at Stettin, Germany; Regent of University of Michigan; President and Treasurer German-American Seminary; President Kiefer Land Company; President and Chairman Michigan Cremation Society

8. ALFRED KUSSUTH, eldest son of Herman (7) and Frances K.
Born: July 12, 1852, Detroit, Michigan; died November 30, 1909, Detroit, Michigan
Married: June 16, 1879 Frances Josephine Marie Weber, eldest daughter of Henry Weber and Caroline Dohmstreich, born February 19, 1853, Detroit, Michigan; died December 24, 1937, Port Huron, Michigan
Issue: Edgar W.; Francis
GRADUATE Columbia University and Freiburg, Germany; Treasurer Wayne County Savings Bank; Treasurer Michigan Sulphite Fibre Company; Presi-

8. ALFRED KUSSUTH (cont'd.)
dent Nipigon Transit Company

9. EDGAR WEBER, eldest son of Alfred K. (8) and Frances W.

Born: West Jordan, Utah, March 8, 1880
Married: June 16, 1906, Katherine P. Durand, born London, Ontario, March 9, 1878; died December 16, 1934, Port Huron, Michigan
Issue: Durand; adopted Barbara; adopted Lois
Married: March 1, 1940, Deborah Harcourt, born Toronto, Canada, June 4, 1895; died Port Huron, Michigan, March 16, 1947
Married: September 15, 1948, Margaret Gradle, born New York, N.Y., January 13, 1890

B.S. UNIVERSITY of Michigan; Master Mariner; Secretary Michigan Sulphite Fibre Company; President (now Chairman of the Board) Port Huron Sulphite and Paper Company; President North Shore Transit Company; Secretary and Treasurer Kiefer Land Co.; Chairman Port Huron City Planning Commission; Former Chairman Michigan State Waterways Commission; Vice President Port Huron Hospital; Hospital Commissioner City of Port Huron; Past Commodore Port Huron Yacht Club; Past Commodore Inter-Lake Yachting Association; Past President Port Huron Chamber of Commerce; Past President Port Huron Community Chest; Past President U.S. Pulp Producers Association; Past President U.S. Tissue Association; Past President U.S. Sulphite Paper Manufacturers Association; A.B. 2nd Batt. Michigan Naval Reserve, Spanish-American War; Aide General George Goethals, Shipping Board, World War I; Lt. Commander U.S.C.G.T.R. Capt. Division XIV, 2nd World War

Residence: 2614 Military Street, Port Huron, Mich.

10. DURAND, son of Edgar W. (9) and Katherine Durand

Born: Port Huron, Michigan, March 27, 1908
Married: December, 1933, Rosemary Mullan, born March 5, 1910, Wilmington, Delaware,

10. DURAND (cont'd.)

daughter of Thomas Mullan and Margaret Tierney McDonough

Issue: Edgar Francis (Ned); Christie Weber (Chris); Michael Conrad (Mike)

EAGLE SCOUT; Graduated Culver Military Academy 1926; Graduated U.S. Naval Academy 1930; Lieut.-Comdr. U.S. Navy; Served in various naval vessels including Asiatic Station; author numerous stories and articles in national magazines, including American, Liberty, etc.; at present Personnel Officer, U.S. Naval Receiving Station, San Diego 36, Calif.

Residence: 1760 Sea View Avenue, Del Mar, Calif. P.O. Box 74

11. BARBARA, adopted daughter of Edgar W. (9) and Katherine D.

Born: May 6, 1918

Married: June 10, 1942, George Frank Bajis, born June 30, 1914, Montevideo, Uruguay, S. A. Master Sergeant Combat Eng. Reg. 610, 1st Army, World War II; Commodore Port Huron Yacht Club

Issue: Adopted Douglas Edgar, born January 20, 1948; George Frank II, born February 23, 1950

Residence: 3814 Military Street, Port Huron, Mich.

12. LOIS, adopted daughter of Edgar W. (9) and Katherine D.

Born: November 7, 1922

Married: February 10, 1944, William K. Gilbert, born October 25, 1918, Brooklyn, N.Y.

Issue: William King III, born June 10, 1947; Frances Elizabeth, born July 13, 1948; Stephen Arthur, born April 27, 1951

Residence: 2422 South Blvd., Port Huron, Mich.

13. EDGAR FRANCIS (Ned), eldest son of Durand (10) and Rosemary M.

Born: Tsingtau, China, September 10, 1934,

13. EDGAR FRANCIS (cont'd.)
while his father was stationed on the U.S. Asiatic Fleet

14. CHRISTIE WEBER (Chris), second son of Durand (10) and Rosemary M.
Born: Bremerton Navy Yard, July 9, 1937

15. MICHAEL CONRAD (Mike), twin of Christie and son of Durand (10) and Rosemary M.
Born: Bremerton Navy Yard, July 9, 1937

16. FRANCIS, second son of Alfred K. (8) and Frances W.
Born: March 15, 1887
Married: December 19, 1919, Elizabeth Deyo, born Honeoye, N.Y. January 11, 1878
GRADUATE MICHIGAN State College, 1908; Supervisor Ozark National Forest; Arkansas Asst. Distr. Forester of Distr. 7, U.S. Forest Service; Major U.S. Army 20th Regiment Engineers World War I; Vice President Western Contracting Co.; President Canada Forwarding Co.; Vice President Kiefer Land Co.; President Port Huron Sulphite and Paper Co.; Past President Port Huron Community Chest; Vice President Port Huron Foundation; Past President Port Huron Industrial Athletic Association; Past President Port Huron Citizens League; Past President Pulp and Paper Association; Past Chairman Michigan Forest Industries (Tree Farms); Past President Port Huron Chamber of Commerce; Past President Port Huron Y.M.C.A.
Residence: 243 Gratiot Blvd., Port Huron, Mich.

17. ARTHUR EGMONT, second son of Herman (7) and Frances K.
Born: August 19, 1855, Detroit, Michigan; died November 8, 1932
Married: December 9, 1884 Kate Baker, born March 18, 1863, daughter of Frank Granger Baker and Amanda Churchill; died June 30, 1945

17. ARTHUR EGMONT (cont'd.)
    Issue: Elsa; Carl; Herman
    Married: Second wife, Olga Gagel, January 1, 1923

18. ELSA, eldest child of Arthur E. (17) and Kate B
    Born: October 4, 1885, Detroit, Michigan
    Married: January 9, 1909, Carl Danziger, born February 4, 1868, Lafayette, Indiana; died November 9, 1946
    Issue: Frederick; Katherine Randolph
    Residence: Alden Park Manor, 8100 E. Jefferson Avenue, Detroit, Michigan

19. FREDERICK DANZIGER, son of Elsa Kiefer (18) and Carl Danziger
    Born: December 9, 1909
    Married: January 9, 1938, Opal Grace McCredie, born October 26, 1914, Wolverine, Mich.
    Issue: Frederick Cromwell, born November 24, 1938; Deborah, born October 21, 1947
    GRADUATED University Michigan A.B. 1932; Purchasing Agent General Motors Parts Corporation
    Residence: 1103 Manning Court, Flint, Michigan

20. KATHERINE RANDOLPH DANZIGER, daughter of Elsa Kiefer (18) and Carl Danziger
    Born: August 1, 1912
    Married: May 25, 1935, Morgan Merrill Parker, born September 22, 1910
    Issue: Julia Antoinette, born March 28, 1936; James, born December 17, 1940; Morgan Merrill, Jr., born August 20, 1944
    Residence: Ocean Springs, Mississippi

21. CARL, son of Arthur E. (17) and Kate B.
    Born: April 24, 1889, Detroit, Michigan; died April 21, 1916, Kansas City

22. HERMAN G., son of Arthur E. (17) and Kate B, twin brother of Carl
    Born: April 24, 1889, Detroit, Mich.; died

22. HERMAN G. (cont'd)
February 9, 1936
Married: October 6, 1917 Florence Dumont Miller, born January 22, 1888, Cincinnati, Ohio
Issue: Mary Elizabeth (Marybeth); Suzanne
GRADUATE University of Michigan; Metallurgical Engineer; Assistant to President Timken Axle Co.
Residence: 19245 Votrobeck Drive, Detroit, Mich.

23. MARYBETH, daughter of Herman G. (22) and Florence Miller
Born: November 10, 1918, Detroit, Mich.
Married: July 11, 1942 Walter Redding Blackburn, born May 10, 1919, Albany, N.Y.
Issue: Nancy Sue, born April 9, 1946, Detroit, Mich.; Diane Kiefer, born July 25, 1949, Detroit, Mich.
Residence: 18996 Patton, Detroit, Mich.

24. SUZANNE, second daughter of Herman G. (22) and Florence Miller
Born: April 17, 1925, Detroit, Mich.
Married: August 27, 1949, Robert Allen Heym, born June 15, 1925, Detroit, Mich.
Issue: Margaret Ann, born June 3, 1950, Detroit, Mich.
Residence: 12839 Freeland, Detroit, Mich.

25. EDWIN HANS, third son of Herman (7) and Frances
Born: Port Huron, Mich. August 28, 1860; died Detroit, Mich. April 24, 1931
Married: 1912, Marie Aubert, daughter of Henry Aubert, a French fishing captain of Etaples, a fishing village on English Channel of Pas de Calàis about half way between Calais and Dieppe.
Issue: While there was no issue to this marriage, a niece of Marie Aubert, named after her Aunt Marie and nicknamed Marinette, lived with them most of her life. She died at Aix-le-Bain, Savoy, France, May 22, 1947

25. EDWIN HANS (cont'd.)
GRADUATE of various art schools and a painter of note. Lived most of his life in France.

26. EDGAR SIEGFRIED, fourth son of Herman (7) and Frances K.
Born: October 1, 1862, Detroit, Michigan; died August 19, 1927
Married: October 1, 1891, Wilhelmina Kalkbrenner. born March 19, 1863; died September 5, 1935
Issue: Cora; Clay
PRESIDENT and founder of Edgar S. Kiefer Tanning Company of Grand Rapids, Michigan

27. CORA, only daughter of Edgar S. Kiefer (26) and Wilhelmina K.
Born: Grand Rapids, August 14, 1892; died August 31, 1947
Married: June 17, 1916, Irving Morse Orr, born New York City, February 4, 1884; died Grand Rapids, December 1, 1950
Issue: Elizabeth; Mary Jane; Edgar K

28. CLAY, only son of Edgar S. (26) and Wilhemina K.
Born: 1894; died 1903

29. ELIZABETH ORR, eldest daughter of Cora Kiefer (28) and Irving M. Orr
Born: Grand Rapids, April 7, 1917
Married: December 18, 1939, Henry Nilsson, born October 13, 1911, a Swedish citizen and Assistant to President of National Co-operative Society of Sweden
Issue: Twins, Ernst Kiefer, born September 5, 1942; Rolf Morse, born September 5, 1942; Brita Orr, born December 17, 1944
Residence: Suburbs, Stockholm, Sweden. Address: Ekbacksvagen 3, Ektorp, Sweden

30. MARY JANE ORR, second daughter of Cora Kiefer

30. MARY JANE ORR (cont'd.)
(27) and Irving M. Orr
Born: Grand Rapids, Michigan, January 11, 1920
Married: February 18, 1943, M. Frank Jones, born August 9, 1921, Sergeant U.S. Army in World War II
Issue: Jeffery Clay, born December 17, 1945; Katherine Kiefer, born July 31, 1949
Residence: 6434 Norwood Rd., Kansas City, Mo.

31. EDGAR KIEFER ORR, only son of Cora Kiefer (27) and Irving M. Orr
Born: Grand Rapids, Michigan, January 21, 1922
Married: August 23, 1947, Nancy J. VanKeulen, born October 19, 1922
Issue: Susan Emilie, born June 16, 1950
GRADUATE Culver Military Academy 1940; 1st Lt. U.S. Army in World War II; President Edgar S. Kiefer Tanning Company, 1950
Residence: 1824 Duffield St., Grand Rapids, Mich.

32. HERMINA CORA KIEFER, only daughter of Herman (7) and Francis K
Born: July 26, 1864, Detroit, Mich.; died Detroit Michigan, November 18, 1938
Married: December 26, 1885, Dr. Carl Bonning, son of Wilhelm and Marie Bonning, born January 26, 1855, Felsberg-Hessen Nassau Germany; practiced medicine in Detroit to 1913 when he retired. Died Detroit, Mich. December 23, 1937
Issue: Irma Rose; Hertha Florence
EDUCATED Private schools Detroit, Mich., Cincinnati, Ohio; and Europe

33. IRMA ROSE BONNING, eldest daughter of Hermina Kiefer (32) and Dr. Carl Bonning
Born: April 18, 1887, Detroit, Mich.
Married: March 29, 1911, Richard Henderson Marr, a well-known architect, born Detroit, Mich. August 24, 1886; died Detroit, April 23,

33. IRMA ROSE BONNING (cont'd.)
1946.
Issue: Carl Bonning; Margaret Elizabeth
GRADUATE Wellesley College; had summer home, Weeholm on Cass Lake; member Women's City Club, Detroit; member Wellesley Club; member Athletic Club of Detroit; active civic worker
Residence: 295 Fairfax Avenue, Birmingham, Mich.

34. CARL BONNING MARR, only son of Irma Rose Bonning (33) and Richard H. Marr
Born: August 28, 1912, Detroit, Mich.
Married: March 28, 1942 Coralie Mary Green, born Waterloo, Iowa, June 1, 1913
Issue: Richard Green Marr, born October 31, 1944; David Bonning Marr, born January 31, 1947
GRADUATE Cranbrook and University of Michigan, B.S. Architect; office: Architects Bldg., Brainard & Cass, Detroit, Mich.
Residence: Birmingham, Michigan

35. MARGARET ELIZABETH MARR, only daughter of Irma Rose Bonning (33) and Richard Marr
Born: Detroit, Mich., April 9, 1916
GRADUATE Katherine Gibbs School, Boston; Yeoman Waves U.S.N. World War II; Yeoman to Commander Repair Base, San Diego, Calif.; now in architectural firm of her brother

36. HERTHA FLORENCE BONNING, second daughter of Hermina Cora Kiefer (32) and Dr. Carl Bonning
Born: Detroit, Mich. March 14, 1890
GRADUATED Wellesley College, Massachusetts; taught school for a short time after graduation; member Wellesley College Club; member Women's City Club; extensively traveled
Residence: Statler Hotel, Detroit, Michigan

37. GUY LINCOLN, youngest son of Herman Kiefer (7) and Frances K.

37. GUY LINCOLN (cont'd.)

Born: April 25, 1867, Detroit, Mich.; died May 8 1930, Detroit

Married: May 2, 1893 Josephine Frances Henion, born Dexter, Mich. November 3, 1867

Issue: Edwina; Hermine

THE MOST DISTINGUISHED of his brothers, graduated University of Michigan A.B. 1887; graduated University of Michigan M.D. 1891, Masters Degree same year; attended medical schools of Berlin and Vienna; Honorary Doctor Public Health University of Michigan 1911; Wayne County Physician 1895-96; Federal Pension Examiner 1899-1901; Health Officer City of Detroit 1901-1913; initiated school medical service, health department nursing division, prenatal and children's clinics; founded Detroit first tuberculosis hospital, known as Herman Kiefer Hospital; initiated pure milk inspection; Private practice 1913-1916; member state board of health 1916; president State Advisory Council of Health 1918; State Health Commissioner 1927 until death; Medical Director Health Michigan Bell Telephone Co. 1920; Chairman Preventative Medicine and Public Health American Medical Association 1913; President Michigan State Medical Society 1914, President Wayne County Medical Society 1910; Member American College Internal Medicine; Fellow American College Physicians; Member American Academy of Medicine; Member Detroit Academy of Medicine; Professor and Head of Department of Preventative Medicine and Public Health, Detroit College of Medicine & Surgery; Vice Chairman Michigan State Health Officers Association 1920; Vice Chairman Municipal Health Officers Section American Public Health Association 1924; Director American Association Industrial Physicians; President American Association Industrial Physicians 1928; Chief of Staff and Consulting Physician Harper Hospital, Women's Hospital and Receiving Hospital, all of Detroit and Children's Hospital of Michigan; Authority and writer on various medical subjects, including "Medical Inspection of Schools"; "How to Keep

37\. GUY LINCOLN (cont'd.)
Well"; "The Modern Practice of Medicine"; "The Prevention of Disease"; and many others; member Delta Tau Delta, Phi Rho Sigma, Detroit Athletic Club, Harmonie Society and University of Michigan Club

38\. EDWINA KIEFER, eldest daughter of Guy L. (37) and Josephine Henion

Born: February 25, 1895, Detroit, Mich.

Married: June 4, 1921 Homer Calvin Bayliss, born February 12, 1885, Dennison, Texas, son of Charles Marion Bayliss and Phoebe Harriman; died March 14, 1943; graduated Ohio Wesleyan and Marietta College; Capt. U.S. Army World War I, 1917-19; received citation from Ordnance Department U.S.A.; Vice President Mootch & Merryweather; Director Port Huron Sulphite & Paper Co.; Member Sigma Alpha Epsilon; Founder Cleveland Co-operative Apprentice School 1912; Member Detroit Club; Recess Club; Detroit Boat Club; Detroit Engineers; National Defense Council; Military Order World War I; U.S. Naval Reserve Officer's Association; American Legion; Board of Commerce

GRADUATED Liggetts School for Girls; studied dramatic art, Detroit Institute Musical Art; New York School of Musical Art and Boston Conservatory of Music

Residence: Alden Park Manor, 8100 E. Jefferson, Detroit, Mich.

39\. HERMINE youngest daughter of Guy L. Kiefer (37) and Josephine Henion

Born: January 18, 1897, Detroit, Mich.

Married: February 18, 1922, Duval Lawrie, born February 13, 1892, Milwaukee, Wisc. son of Daniel J. Lawrie and Mertie Duval; ambulance Driver U.S. Army, France, World

39. HERMINE KIEFER (cont'd.)

War I, invalided home and honorably discharged

Issue: Guy Kiefer; Patricia

TRAINED for nurse at Harper Hospital, Detroit; Graduated Penn Hall, Chambersburg, Pa.; after graduation was nurse at Henry Ford Hospital, Detroit, Mich.

Residence: 831 Rosewood Ave., E. Lansing, Mich.

40. GUY KIEFER LAWRIE, son of Hermine Kiefer (39) and Duval Lawrie

Born: May 18, 1924, Detroit, Mich.

Married: November 25, 1944, Mary Mannebach, born November 30, 1924, daughter of John J. Mannebach and Mary Danse

Issue: Gayle Margaret Josephine, born October 6, 1945; Guy Kiefer, born April 7, 1948; Jonathan Michael, born March 21, 1950

GRADUATED Pre-medical school, University of Michigan; M.D. Wayne University 1947; Four year Resident Physician Henry Ford Hospital, Detroit, in Surgery

41. PATRICIA LAWRIE, daughter of Hermine Kiefer (39) and Duval Lawrie

Born: Detroit, Mich. February 3, 1927

Married: December 17, 1949, Martin Francis Owen, Jr., born April 29, 1917, son of Martin Francis Owen, Sr. and Helen Marjorie Williams

Issue: Lawrie Anne, born January 9, 1951

GRADUATED Michigan State College 1948

Residence: 6100 Lakewood Avenue, Detroit, Mich.

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